

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



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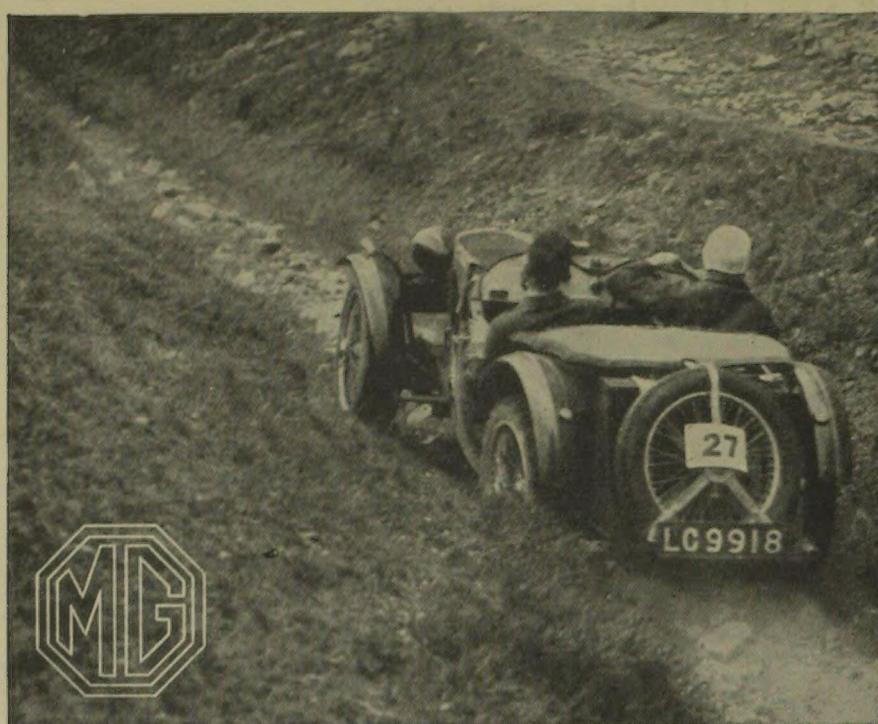
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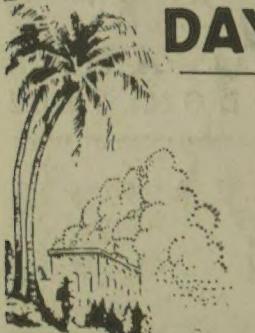


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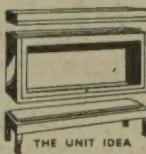
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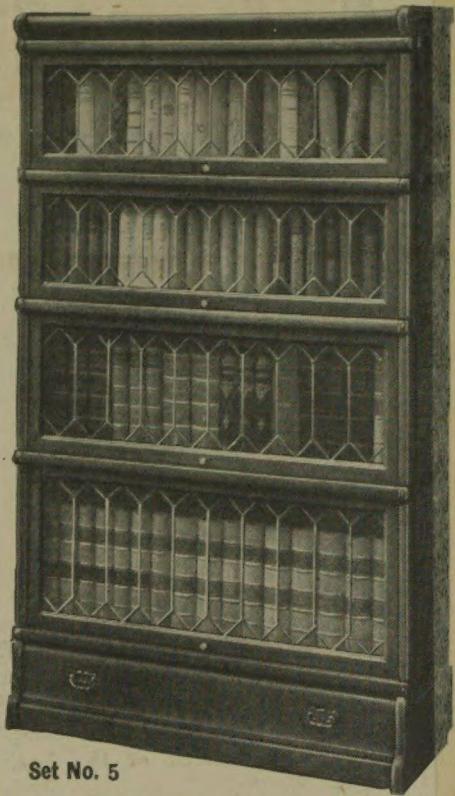
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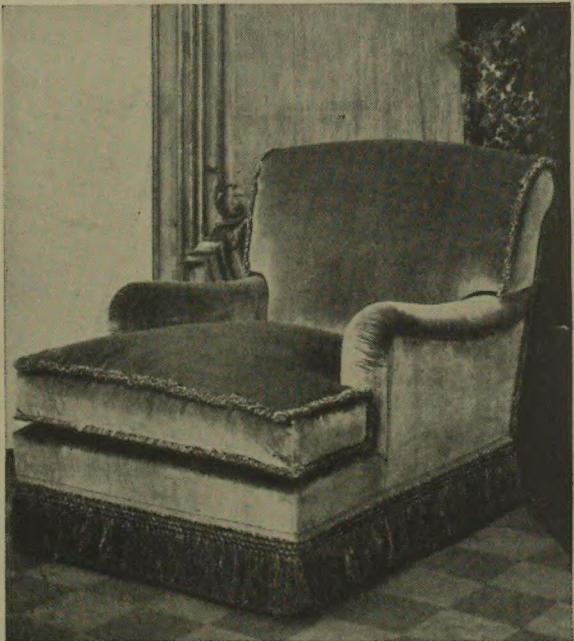
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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1936.



THE MEMORY OF A BELOVED KING ENSHRINED AMID FLOWERS: WREATHS FOR KING GEORGE'S FUNERAL CARPETING THE LAWNS OUTSIDE ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR, AND VISITED BY MULTITUDES.



(ABOVE)
FROM THE
KING AND QUEEN
OF ITALY:
A WREATH
INSCRIBED
"V. E." (VICTOR
EMANUEL)
AND "E."
(ELENA).



FROM THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF PIEDMONT:
INSCRIBED "U" (UMBERTO) AND "M" (MARIE).



FROM SIGNOR MUSSOLINI: INSCRIBED "THE HEAD
OF THE ITALIAN GOVERNMENT."



(RIGHT)
FROM THE ROYAL
AIR FORCE:
AN OFFICER
LEAVING THE
AIR MINISTRY
WITH THE R.A.F.
WREATH OF
PLAIDERS
POPPIES.



(LEFT)
FROM THE ROYAL
INDIAN NAVY:
A TRIBUTE FROM
A SERVICE IN
WHICH KING
GEORGE TOOK A
KEEN
PROFESSIONAL
INTEREST.



FROM THE PRINCIPAL CITIES, TOWNS, AND BOROUGHS IN
SYMBOLIC EMBLEMS



FROM THE MAHARAJA OF JAIPUR.



FROM THE GOVERNMENT OF NEPAL.



FROM THE MAHARAJA OF JODHPUR.

We illustrate here outstanding examples among the 5000 wreaths and other floral tributes sent for King George's funeral, as noted on our pages showing the great pilgrimage of visitors intent on seeing them. Of special interest,

in these days of political tension and estrangement, are those from the Italian Royal Family and Signor Mussolini. Significant and welcome also is the tribute from another famous European Dictator, Herr Hitler. The Princes

INTEREST: OUTSTANDING FUNERAL WREATHS SENT TO WINDSOR.



FROM HERR HITLER: INSCRIBED "THE CHANCELLOR
OF THE GERMAN REICH."



FROM THE RULER OF IRAN: INSCRIBED "SHAH
ENSHAH OF IRAN."



(ABOVE)
FROM THE
PRESIDENT OF
THE POLISH
REPUBLIC
(AS INSCRIBED
ON THE RIBBON
ATTACHED TO IT).



(LEFT)
FROM KING FAROUK,
WHOSE SON AND
HEIR WALKED
IN THE FUNERAL
PROCESSION:
A WREATH
INSCRIBED
"THE KING OF
EGYPT."



GREAT BRITAIN: A MASS OF WREATHS WITH SOME BEAUTIFUL
(RANGED AT THE BACK).



FROM THE NAWAB OF JUNAGADH.



FROM THE KING OF AFGHANISTAN (RIGHT).



(RIGHT)
FROM THE
LONDON COUNTY
COUNCIL:
INSCRIBED
"SO EXPRESS
THE PROFOUND
SORROW AND
GRATEFUL
REMEMBRANCE
OF THE PEOPLE
OF LONDON."



FROM THE ROYAL PHILATELIC SOCIETY, LONDON.

of India, it will be seen, were well represented. The wreath from the Royal Philatelic Society is inscribed: "In dutiful and affectionate memory of its gracious Patron." King George, of course, was a leading stamp-collector.

In the photograph showing the Afghan King's wreath, there is seen also an emblem from the Papworth Settlement. A complete inventory of all the wreaths is to be written on vellum for Queen Mary and King Edward.



BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

A QUAIN incident in connection with *The Illustrated London News*, or the space I have the privilege to occupy in it, happened to me at about the time of the General Election. What citizens were discussing then, I am not discussing now. To one citizen at least, the situation seemed very queer. One side would use Diplomacy, and steer straight into a war they do not want. The other side would reduce Armaments, to prepare for a war they do want. But these two parties, like most parties, were probably mere minorities of the whole electorate. What were the real, the responsible, the most patriotic English people thinking about? I do not know; I will open my mouth in parables; I will narrate something that happened to me.

I wrote in these columns some reference to Alfred the Great translating Boethius. When this was mentioned, in the hotel then my home, I naturally supposed it was an interest in Alfred the Great. I found everybody indifferent to that glory of Wessex and the world, but full of a most commendable cultural curiosity about Boethius. One four-square Yorkshire merchant faced me firmly and said, "Who was Boethius?" I told him the very little I know about that sage of the Dark Ages; how he made a digest of the old pagan philosophy for the use of Christians, and was a popular authority throughout the Middle Ages; how he was killed by Theodoric; see any encyclopædia. A moment after, a lady shot up to me, shrill with congratulations, and cried, "Oh, Mr. Chesterton, I'm so glad you mentioned Boethius." I was bemused. I went out into the night. In the front of the hotel I found the porter—and the portent. For the porter also pronounced the name of Boethius, though he pronounced it in a curious way. Also, he went into fits of laughter. I then found that Boethius was the name of a horse, running in a race of enormous national importance.

I do not think anybody, of any political party, will deny that I had found in that fact a sort of secret of the English people, or a very vast mass of English people, and something which they think about more thoroughly, frequently, and fully than they ever think about any politics. I need not say that I am not primarily or particularly complaining of this. On the contrary, if I complain of anything, it is of the fact that politicians, or the very small group that does think mostly about politics, have often lent themselves to petty interference with this popular taste. The small group of politicians, when they are for various reasons dependent on another small, if slightly larger, group of Puritans, have sometimes interfered with horse-racing much more than horse-racing is ever likely to interfere with them. Of course, some of them are themselves betting men; some of them are themselves bigoted anti-betting men; some of them, I am ashamed to say, are quite capable of the abominable baseness of making laws against poor men betting, while themselves taking advantage of the liberty of rich men to bet. But, anyhow, in none of those cases should I find myself solemnly warning the populace to think less of jockeys that they might think more of politicians. But that is largely because the sport of

politics has sometimes fallen rather lower than the sport of horse-racing. It is due to particular problems, in a particular period, that some public men remind us rather more of jockeys who pull horses than of knights who ride them. Bookmakers at their best may not exactly remind us of the most stately or graceful cavaliers recorded in romance. But if I do dislike a certain particular type of politician, it is not because he resembles a bookie, but because he resembles a welsher. That is, it is because he falls below the standard implied even in his own sport or profession. I should not complain of popular government merely because it was popular; I should not complain of it because it was what many might

But I do think it strange that the English people should not be interested in the man called Alfred the Great. That sort of legend about a great national hero is normally a popular thing, just as a national sport or game is normally a popular thing. There are any number of historic communities, in all ages and countries, in which there was a widespread love of riding horses, or hunting with hounds, or running races, or throwing dice. But nearly all those historic communities were also enthusiastic about their own history. They were none the less enthusiastic because the history sometimes consisted largely of legend. It would be comprehensible enough if the Alfred who figured in the popular tales was not the Alfred who translated the book of Boethius, but rather the Alfred who burned the cakes; even if he were, in fact, the Alfred who did not burn the cakes. It is natural enough that history should be mixed with myth, to make it interesting to the populace. But it is utterly unnatural that history or myth should not be interesting to the populace. And the mystery of the modern mob, in this matter, is not so much that a history-book is not so popular as a horse, as that it is not popular at all.

It is only this point of the popular love of story-telling that is in question here; or that love of story-telling which in almost every other place and period has been popular. There is, of course, a deeper thing called the philosophy of history; which is concerned rather with the moral than the fable, even if it is a fable. To those who can appreciate that, it is much more exciting that Alfred translated Boethius than that he did or did not burn cakes. For those who can appreciate a fight, when it is a fight for anything worth fighting for, the career of Alfred of Wessex is much more thrilling than a horse-race. Nor is it irrelevant, in the matter of the race between rival ideas in history, Alfred in translating Boethius had certainly picked a winner. It is all part of one very dramatic story, which starts with Boethius being murdered by a barbarian chief, and ends with Alfred being victorious over the barbarian chiefs. The relation between the Saxon king and the Roman philosopher stands for that relation between England and Europe, which was actually in some ways more intimate and international in the rude conditions of the Dark Ages than in the more refined conditions of the modern age.

The tradition of Boethius runs all through history from Alfred to Chaucer, those two standing at each end of the history of mediæval England. But I am not, in that sense, mystified because the hotel porter did not discuss over a pot of beer the influence of the Stoic ideals upon the Christian philosophy. I know that is not likely in any case, for public education has not produced an educated public. I am not even surprised that, at that momentous moment, the hotel porter was more interested in the horse than the hero. But I am fundamentally surprised that the normal man should be interested in the horse and not in the hero. I do think it odd that, over his pot of beer, he does not even talk much about Nelson, let alone Alfred the Great.



A QUARTER OF A MILLION PEOPLE VISIT WINDSOR CASTLE IN ORDER TO SEE THE WREATHS SENT FOR KING GEORGE'S FUNERAL: A QUEUE, AT ONE TIME TWO MILES LONG, MOVING SLOWLY TOWARDS A GATEWAY IN THE CASTLE WALLS.

From January 29, the day after King George's funeral, thousands of people flocked to Windsor Castle each day to see the immense mass of wreaths spread around St. George's Chapel. On the following Sunday alone there were 130,000 visitors, and in the afternoon the queue stretched for two miles. The Castle should have been closed at dusk, but it was kept open longer, so as not to disappoint the crowds. Thus far the total number of visitors since the beginning had been 250,000, and it was decided that the wreaths should be on view again the next day. The queue entered the Castle by the Henry VIII. gateway and passed through the cloisters to the west door.

call vulgar. Nor am I complaining that sport is popular; nor staring with horror and stupefaction if it is sometimes vulgar. Both sports invite criticism, not when they are merely vulgar, but when they are merely venal. In short, the present problem of practical politics is a peculiar problem, with its own historical causes and, let us hope, its own historical cure. But it does seem to me more puzzling that the public should be so indifferent to causes and cures that are historical. It does seem to me queer that humanity should be so ignorant of history.

In short, I do not think it strange that the English people should be interested in the horse called Boethius.

great Englishmen standing at each end of the history of mediæval England. But I am not, in that sense, mystified because the hotel porter did not discuss over a pot of beer the influence of the Stoic ideals upon the Christian philosophy. I know that is not likely in any case, for public education has not produced an educated public. I am not even surprised that, at that momentous moment, the hotel porter was more interested in the horse than the hero. But I am fundamentally surprised that the normal man should be interested in the horse and not in the hero. I do think it odd that, over his pot of beer, he does not even talk much about Nelson, let alone Alfred the Great.

KING GEORGE'S FUNERAL WREATHS BECOME A BOURNE OF PILGRIMAGE.

DRAWN BY GORDON NICOLL, R.I., OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT WINDSOR.



LOOKING AT FLORAL OFFERINGS SENT BY THE HIGHEST AS WELL AS THE HUMBLEST IN THE LAND:
VISITORS AMONG THE VAST MASS OF WREATHS ON THE LAWNS OUTSIDE ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL, WINDSOR.

The universal respect and affection with which King George was regarded found testimony in the enormous mass of wreaths and other floral emblems, of every size and sort, which poured into Windsor for his funeral. They came from all parts of the world; from rulers of foreign countries as well as from the Empire of India and the Dominions Beyond the Seas, and at home from the highest and the humblest of his subjects. As noted under a double-page photograph in our last issue, they filled all the space round the walls of the Cloisters and the recesses between the buttresses of St. George's Chapel, but the number was so great that the remainder covered the adjacent lawns, until the Chapel seemed to rise amid a sea of flowers. All this was in addition to the wreaths inside the building itself, where those from certain Sovereigns and personal friends were placed in the Albert Chapel. On

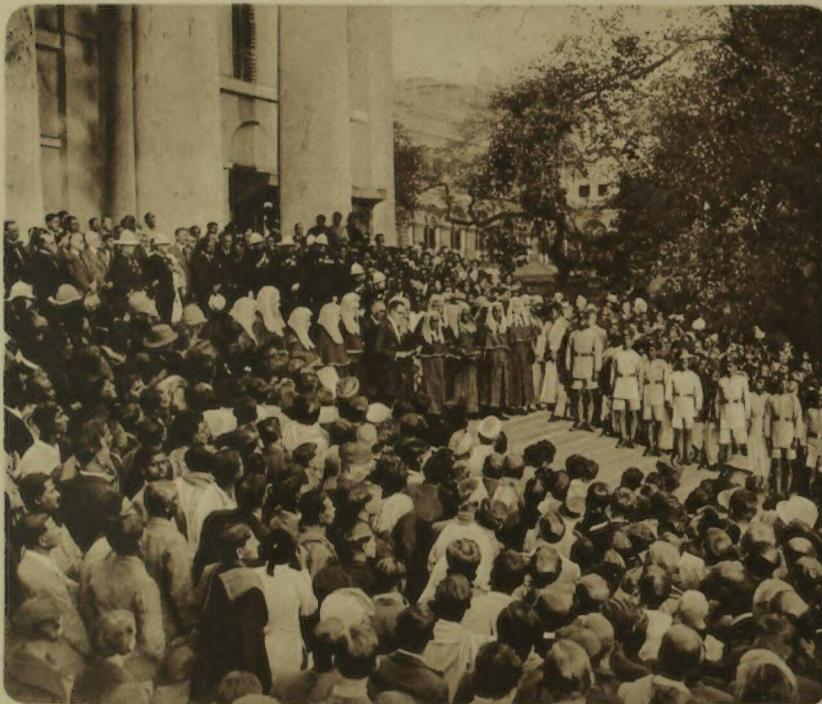
January 29, the day after the funeral, began a great pilgrimage of visitors who came to Windsor Castle to see the wreaths, and passed round St. George's Chapel in a continuous stream every day. By the following Sunday, February 2, it was stated that the total number of people who had filed past the wreaths was about a quarter of a million. It was originally intended that the Sunday should be the last day when the public would be admitted, but, in view of the extraordinary number of people still desiring to see them, it was decided to extend the time, and the wreaths were again on view on February 3 and 4. During the afternoon of February 3 the Princess Royal and the Earl of Harewood walked round almost unnoticed by the crowd. The wreaths from Royalty in the Albert Chapel had by that time been removed to the lawn on the south side of the Chapel.

PROCLAMING KING EDWARD VIII. IN INDIA AND AFRICA: THE NEW KING AND EMPEROR ACCLAIMED BEYOND THE SEAS.

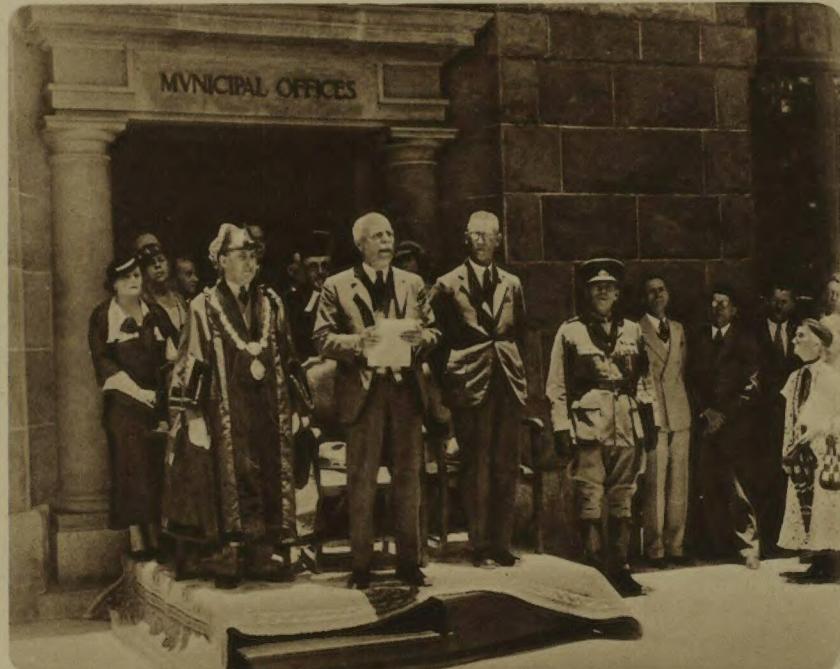
ON January 22, the day on which Edward VIII. was proclaimed King in London, kindred ceremonies were held throughout the Empire. Here is shown the Proclamation of the King-Emperor in three great cities of India, and the Proclamation of Edward VIII. in two of the wide African territories where he is now King. In New Delhi there gathered for the ceremony in the courtyard of the Viceroy's House a great concourse of uniformed officials, military officers, and many Indians. The Viceroy came in procession from the House accompanied by Lady Willingdon, the Commander-in-Chief, General Sir Robert Cassels, and two A.D.C.s to the King (General Sir Walter Leslie and Brigadier Nicholson). The Secretary to the Indian Home Department, Mr. Hallett, read the Proclamation from the steps, after a fanfare by Indian trumpeters of the 19th Lancers. A salute of a hundred and one guns was fired from Shah Jehan's historic fort in Old Delhi. At Calcutta the ceremony was attended by the Chief Justice, twelve Judges, members of the Executive Council of Bengal, and many other officials.



AT NEW DELHI: THE SCENE OF PAGEANTRY IN FRONT OF THE VICEROY'S HOUSE AS EDWARD VIII. WAS PROCLAIMED KING-EMPEROR—THE FIRST PROCLAMATION CEREMONIES HELD IN DELHI AS THE IMPERIAL CAPITAL.



AT CALCUTTA: THE SHERIFF (COLONEL C. G. ARTHUR) READING THE PROCLAMATION OF KING EDWARD'S ACCESSION AS KING-EMPEROR FROM THE STEPS OF THE TOWN HALL—IN THE PRESENCE OF MANY OFFICIALS AND OF A LARGE CROWD.



BULAWAYO: THE SPEAKER OF THE LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY OF SOUTHERN RHODESIA (MR. ALLAN WELSH) READING THE PROCLAMATION; WITH THE MAYOR OF BULAWAYO (COUNCILLOR C. M. HARRIS) ON HIS RIGHT.



AT NAIROBI: THE GOVERNOR OF KENYA (SIR JOSEPH BYRNE) INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR OF THE KING'S AFRICAN RIFLES BEFORE THE PROCLAMATION OF KING EDWARD FROM THE PORTICO OF THE NEW LAW COURTS.



AT BOMBAY: THE SHERIFF (MR. C. B. MEHTA) READING THE PROCLAMATION OF THE NEW KING-EMPEROR AT THE TOWN HALL; SHOWING THE GOVERNOR OF BOMBAY AND LADY BRABOURNE ON THE RIGHT.

THE AGA KHAN'S JUBILEE: HIS HIGHNESS ON THE SCALES IN BOMBAY.



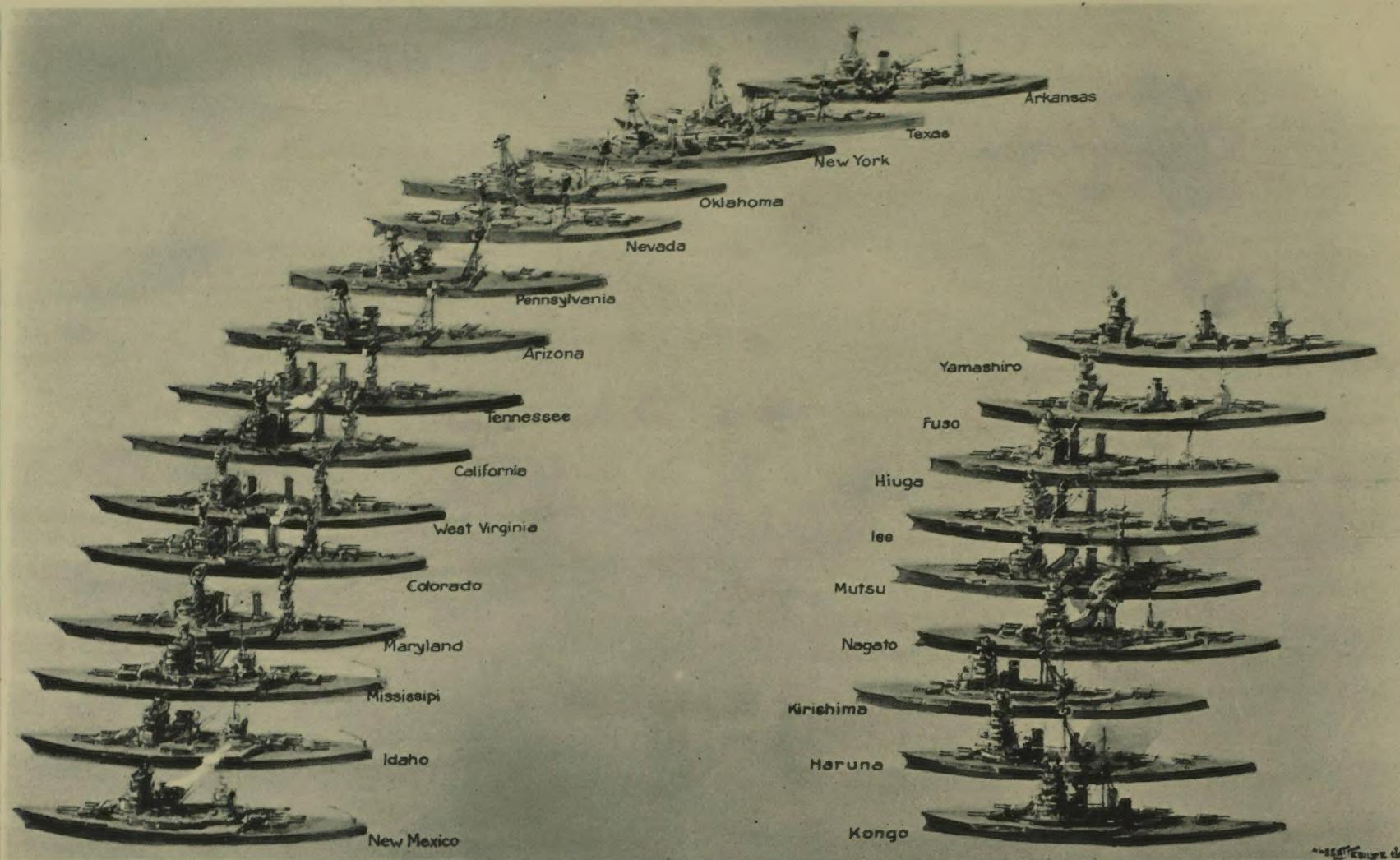
WEIGHING THE AGA KHAN AGAINST GOLD BARS: THE SCALES TURNED AT £25,125 DURING THE CELEBRATIONS, WHICH WERE CURTAILED OWING TO THE DEATH OF THE KING-EMPEROR.

The celebrations of the Jubilee of the accession of H.H. the Aga Khan to the Imamate of the Ismaili Muhammadans were curtailed on account of the death of the King-Emperor, but a number of the ceremonies had taken place before the Empire suffered its great bereavement. One of the most picturesque of these was the weighing of the Aga Khan against gold in Bombay on January 19. The arrival of his Highness, who was dressed in purple robes and was wearing a green turban, was the signal for a great outburst of cheering. His Highness then announced that,

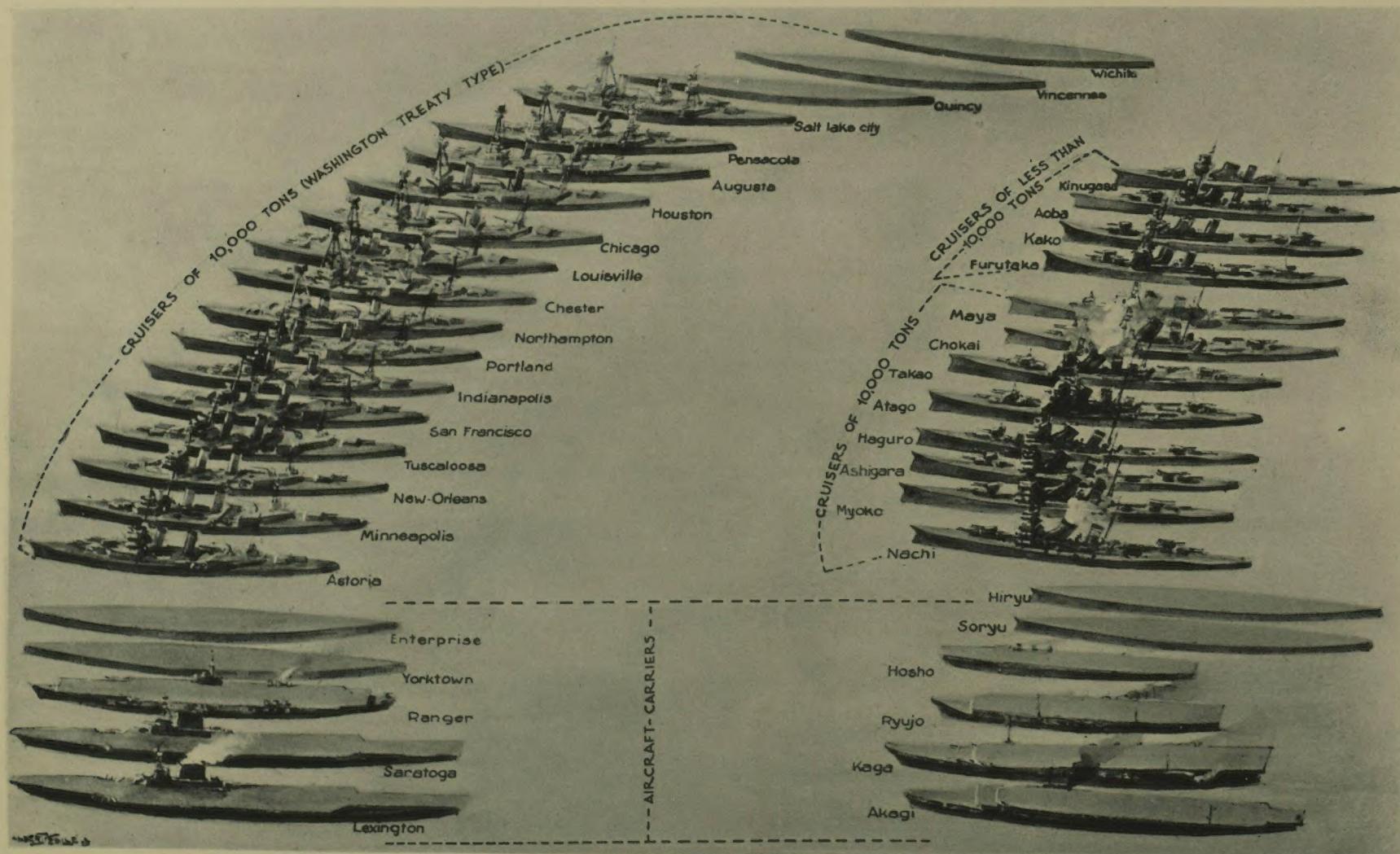
owing to the illness of the King-Emperor, the non-religious parts of the celebrations would be omitted and that, instead, there would be substituted prayers for his Majesty's recovery. The Aga Khan then seated himself on one side of a huge pair of scales, while gold bars were piled on the other. There was much excitement during the weighing and loud cheering greeted the tipping of the scales at sixteen stone—£25,125 worth of gold. H.H. ordered that this sum should be devoted to the welfare of "his dear spiritual children," principally in infant welfare and uplift work.

NAVAL POWER IN THE PACIFIC: U.S. AND JAPANESE STRENGTH COMPARED.

DRAWINGS BY A. SEBILLE.



EXISTING RELATIVE STRENGTH OF THE UNITED STATES AND JAPANESE NAVIES IN BATTLESHIPS ON THE FIVE-TO-THREE RATIO DETERMINED BY THE WASHINGTON TREATY—AN ARRANGEMENT WHICH JAPAN RECENTLY PROPOSED, AT THE NAVAL CONFERENCE, TO REPLACE BY PARITY, SUBSEQUENTLY LEAVING THE CONFERENCE WHEN THE PROPOSAL WAS REJECTED: (LEFT) FIFTEEN AMERICAN BATTLESHIPS AND (RIGHT) NINE JAPANESE BATTLESHIPS AT PRESENT IN BEING.



RELATIVE STRENGTH OF THE UNITED STATES AND JAPAN IN LARGE CRUISERS AND AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS, BUILT OR IN BUILDING, THE LATTER REPRESENTED BY BARE HULLS: (LEFT) 15 AMERICAN CRUISERS OF 10,000 TONS (THE WASHINGTON TREATY TONNAGE LIMIT) AND 3 UNCOMPLETED, WITH 5 AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS (2 UNCOMPLETED); (RIGHT) 8 JAPANESE 10,000-TON CRUISERS AND 4 SMALLER ONES, WITH 6 AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS (2 UNCOMPLETED).

Japan, it will be remembered, recently withdrew from the Naval Conference in London, on the rejection by the United States and Great Britain of her proposal to establish parity, or "a common upper limit," in naval armaments, instead of the five-to-three ratio fixed by the Washington Treaty (expiring at the end of this year), which allowed the British and American navies five battleships to every three of Japan. The treaty did not limit the number of cruisers, but only their unitary tonnage, and in this class of ships the United States has at present a great superiority over Japan. The situation created by Japan's withdrawal from

the Conference (though she has continued to be represented there by observers) lends particular interest to the above illustrations showing the relative strength of the American and Japanese fleets in larger ships, especially in view of the new aspect assumed by the problem of naval power in the Pacific. In criticising Japan's proposals at the Conference, both the British and American delegates denied the suggestion that "equal armaments give equal security," owing to the different needs and conditions of the various Powers, and also the Japanese distinction between offensive and defensive types of ships.

THE FIRST BONGO OF HER KIND KEPT IN CAPTIVITY.

A FEMALE OF THE NORTH-EAST CONGO SPECIES, NOW
IN THE ROME "ZOO": THE STORY OF HER CAPTURE
AND HER LIFE IN AN AFRICAN FOREST CAMP.

By ATTILIO GATTI, Leader of the Gatti Zoological Expedition in Central Africa.
(See illustrations on pages 234 and 235.)

Commander Gatti is well known as a collector of rare living animals in Africa, and for his studies of native races. In our issues of November 3 and 10, 1934, he related, with illustrations, his adventures in capturing an okapi, and to that of April 20, 1935, he contributed an illustrated article on the mysterious Watussi tribe. Here he describes his capture of a bongo, a rare antelope of which four species have been distinguished. Regarding the Kenya bongo, Doreen, to which he refers, we may recall that the story of her capture by Lieut.-Col. Eric Percy-Smith, and her subsequent life in the New York "Zoo," was told in our issues of August 27, 1932, October 21, 1933, and January 27, 1934.

H'RABI, the first bongo of the north-east Congo race (*boocercus eurycerus cooperi*) ever captured and brought out of Africa, arrived safely a few months ago at the Rome Zoological Gardens. This is the first tangible achievement of the Gatti Zoological Expedition, which is continuing the work of the eighth Gatti African Expedition, my previous venture in the Congo Equatorial Forest. The endless difficulties we had to overcome explain why it has never been done before. In the Epulu and the Kibali-Ituri forests, where we searched from the beginning of January to the end of September 1935, I can safely affirm that the bongo is the rarest and most elusive of all the rare and elusive animals that these forests contain. Nine months spent there in continuous *safari*, added to the previous entire year of work in the same region, have proved to me that, in comparison with the bongo, the okapi, for instance, is comparatively a common animal. (See pages 234 and 235.)

Our difficulties were augmented by the fear which the bongo inspires in the natives, even in the pygmies, absolutely indispensable guides for anyone who wants to penetrate the forest. This fear is not only physical, based on the determination and cunning of a charging bongo, but is complicated by superstitions, beliefs, and terrors. Although I had seen what a bongo at bay can do, I could not believe that it could so frighten the pygmies, accustomed as they are to attack single-handed much more powerful and dangerous animals, such as the *Mzei*, the vicious pygmy elephant, and the *Soma*, the normal-sized pachyderm; the giant gorilla, the aggressive pygmy buffalo, and the huge and horrible giant forest hog. The fact is that the bongo is invested by the natives and pygmies with magic powers and extraordinary habits. They believe that during the night the bongo (called by various tribes the *M'kene*, *Sori*, *Bangana*, or *H'rabi*) hangs by its horns on high branches of trees, to avoid the forest mud, and to be ready to fall upon the unsuspecting hunter and crush him.

Other clans believe that this animal eats poisonous herbs. These people, who devour with equal gusto lizards, rats, snakes, and the vilely smelling meat of an elephant a fortnight dead, dare not touch the pink, tender flesh of the bongo. Everyone is perfectly sure that when hunters kill a male bongo, the cows and calves dive into the nearest river. There, invisible under water, they are supposed to live until the next dry season (beginning in December or January), meanwhile losing all their hair and feeding on fish. This, the natives maintain, is one reason why it is so difficult to find bongo. The origin of this legend may be the fact that bongo calves are dropped, in this region, in November and December; and that, probably, the cows, when about to give birth, cross the rivers usually forming the boundaries of the pygmies' hunting territories, and retire into those interior, mysterious parts of the forest where no human being has ever penetrated.

Another legend (based, in some sense, on facts) is that the bongo can transform itself into a bush or a tree, so that a hunter may pass at a few feet from it without noticing its presence, unless it suddenly reassumes its normal form to leap upon him and crush him to death with horns and hooves. One would say that, with its beautiful chestnut-red coat, numerous white stripes, and other well-defined and beautiful markings, the bongo would be easily visible against the green and black and grey background of the foliage and the huge boles of forest trees. On the contrary, its coat blends so marvellously with the lights and shadows, forms and colours of the forest, that it is no wonder the superstitious natives attribute to it the power of passing at will from the animal to the vegetable kingdom.

When H'rabi occupied her little palisade at our base camp, often we spent several minutes before locating her in its few square yards of forest vegetation, although we knew that she was there. When thus hidden, she remained so absolutely immobile that I could take long time-exposures of her, obtaining, despite the lack of light, very

good photographs (Figs. 1, 2, and 3). Yet, although I had taken these photographs myself at only three or four feet distance, often I could not find H'rabi in the negative, and had to wait for the positive before discovering her position.



FIG. 1. THE BONGO'S EXTRAORDINARY CAPACITY FOR CAMOUFLAGING ITSELF IN FOLIAGE: H'RABI'S HEAD (IN CENTRE) BARELY VISIBLE AMID A PATCH OF VEGETATION IN HER CORRAL, AND IMPERCEPTIBLE, ON THE NEGATIVE, TO COMMANDER GATTI HIMSELF, WHO TOOK THE PHOTOGRAPH.

Notwithstanding all the difficulties, we needed three or four young specimens of bongo, one for the London "Zoo," two for an American zoological society, and possibly one for a German "Zoo." My companions and I therefore continued our quest, overcoming the objections of the



FIG. 2. JUSTIFICATION OF THE NATIVE SUPERSTITION THAT THE BONGO CAN TRANSFORM ITSELF INTO A BUSH OR A TREE: A NEARER PHOTOGRAPH OF H'RABI CAMOUFLAGED IN FOLIAGE, WITH HER HEAD, PARTLY COVERED BY LEAVES, ON THE RIGHT, AND THE STRIPES ON HER BACK (IN CENTRE) RESEMBLING THE SURROUNDING TWIGS AND TENDRILS.

natives, organising net-hunts, directing entire tribes of pygmies in ten different zones. Finally I was lucky enough to capture the first specimen, a young female which the pygmies declared to be about nine or ten months old.

At first, H'rabi, as our hunters immediately christened her, was badly frightened; and, small as she was—about 23 in. at the shoulder—when brought to the road and lifted into a truck, she nearly bolted out of our hands,

and, kicking with the force of a powerful spring, threw two men to the ground. Our complete silence, however, and the gentle handling, calmed her fears. Later, when we had kept H'rabi some months, and captured other specimens, we concluded that the bongo—at least, that of the north-east Congo—is an animal that, if captured very young, adapts itself immediately to captivity and to man's food, showing the best and sweetest of dispositions, a philosophical attitude, a good appetite, and also a quick intelligence unexpected in an antelope. From the very first day H'rabi felt perfectly comfortable in her corral, and never showed the slightest desire to escape.

I added to her diet some natural pasteurised milk, and the enthusiastic welcome it received led me to give it twice a day. I put the warm milk in a deep plate. As if she had never had it in any other way, H'rabi, after smelling the air a second, ran to the plate and drank with such avidity (Fig. 10) that I thought it would give her indigestion. So I took away the plate and emptied it except for a little drop. Directly this was finished, H'rabi pushed toward the tin of milk in my hand. It was enough for me to walk slowly around in a circle before pouring out another small quantity, for her to learn the trick. After that, without my moving, she would make a complete tour around me before approaching the plate.

On the same system, I taught her to make a figure-of-eight around me between one bit of bread and another. Immediately she understood the idea, and would make the most conscientious series of perfect eights if she smelt bread (Fig. 7). If, then, the bread did not appear, she would assume the most irresistible begging position (Fig. 9), pressing her shoulders against our legs, stretching up her neck to nuzzle her head against us, emitting through half-opened lips a touching little "baa."

Keeping her coat always as perfectly clean and shining as an okapi's—which is saying a great deal—fully enjoying every hard brushing I gave her (Fig. 8), never indisposed or in bad humour, growing up every day under one's eyes; always inventing some new, appealing little trick, and running to lick our hands or follow us like an expansive puppy, H'rabi soon conquered our hearts. So we were not sorry when the London "Zoo" cabled that they did not want the bongo after all, because they were over-crowded.

Soon afterwards, however, the Rome "Zoo," which already possessed an adult male bongo from Kenya (*boocercus eurycerus isaaci*), expressed its desire to have H'rabi. She arrived in Rome in the very best of condition. There, at the only zoological garden in the world possessing a bongo of the north-east Congo, besides one of the Kenya species, to compare the two will be easier than for us who had only the bongo captured, and the photographs in *The Illustrated London News* of October 21, 1933, of Doreen, also of the Kenya race and the only bongo then in captivity.

In "Game Animals of the Sudan" (Gurney and Jackson, 1931), Captain H. C. Brocklehurst, late Game Warden to the Sudan Government, writes: "The bongo has now been divided into four distinct races, namely, the typical *boocercus eurycerus* from Ashanti and the West Coast, *B.e. isaaci* from Kenya Colony and the Sudan, *B.e. katanganus* from the Katanga in the Belgian Congo, and *B.e. cooperi* from the Haut Uele, Belgian Congo." H'rabi is the first *B.e. cooperi* ever brought into captivity—if Captain Brocklehurst's limits may be extended from the Haut Uele to the Kibali-Ituri.

We have noted the following differences between Doreen, the specimen of *B.e. isaaci* now in New York, and H'rabi. Although Doreen at the time of capture was almost of the same age and stature as H'rabi, she had quite long horns, while H'rabi had none at all. According to the natives and pygmies, the female bongo of the Kibali-Ituri and the Haut Uele sometimes has horns much smaller than the male, but very often none at all. If this is true, and H'rabi's horns do not develop later, an important point would be established, as the bongo and the eland are the only two animals of the *Tragelaphinae* sub-family known to have horns in both sexes. The front line of the head, which in Doreen is straight, in H'rabi is strongly convex, probably owing to a thick bone between the eyes, similar in form, and probably in use, to the bony plate which makes the okapi's head a formidable battering-ram. H'rabi's ears are much larger than Doreen's, and with much more abundant and vivid white markings, and the line of her back is much more definitely curved. Finally, the number of stripes is the same on both sides; while Doreen is short of one on the left side.

The Rome "Zoo" authorities are hoping to mate H'rabi with her Kenya cousin, an experiment that, if feasible, will be very interesting, as it will provide information still unknown regarding bongo breeding. Meanwhile, H'rabi has made herself at home in the Rome Zoological Gardens. Her new life having erased all the instinctive fears of her race, she will soon forget the black shapes of hunting pygmies, the continuous fear of cruel leopards, the horror of falling trees and equatorial hurricanes.



FIG. 3. SHOWING HOW THE BONGO'S MARRINGS BLEND WITH THE UNDERGROWTH OF THE FOREST AND ACT AS CAMOUFLAGE: A PHOTOGRAPH OF H'RABI IN A PATCH OF VEGETATION.



FIG. 7. WALKING IN CIRCLES AND FIGURES OF EIGHT ROUND A HUMAN FRIEND, AS DESCRIBED IN COMMANDER GATTI'S ARTICLE (PAGE 233): H'RABI IN MOVEMENT. Amplifying his statement (on page 233) that the bongo is much rarer than the okapi, Commander Gatti writes: "Consulting my careful daily notes, I can say that over that whole period (nine months) I have seen footprints of about 700 okapi; I have heard from chiefs and pygmies of at least 250 okapi killed by their hunters with spears, or following drives with nets, or by trapping in pits. During my own wanderings, thirty-two times my approach has startled an okapi hidden in the vegetation a few yards ahead; four times I have seen live adult okapi fallen into

AN AFRICAN ANTELOPE EVEN RARER THAN THE IN THE CONGO EQUATORIAL FORESTS—



FIG. 4. WITH THE SAME NUMBER OF STRIPES ON EACH SIDE, UNLIKE THE KENYA BONGO, NAMED DOREEN (NOW IN THE NEW YORK "ZOO"): H'RABI'S BACK, SHOWING THE CENTRAL RIDGE OF HAIR.



FIG. 8. "FULLY ENJOYING EVERY HARD BRUSHING THAT I GAVE HER": H'RABI, WHO KEPT HER COAT AS CLEAN AS AN OKAPI'S, BEING GROOMED BY HER MASTER, PICTURES (TWO OF WHICH I REPRODUCED): FOUR ADULT SPECIMENS I OBSERVED, AND A YOUNG ONE, WHICH UNFORTUNATELY AFTERWARDS DIED. I CAPTURED MYSELF. THE MOST RELIABLE WITNESSES, ONE THE KIBALI-ITURI DISTRICT COMMISSIONER, THE OTHER A MISSIONARY OF BENI, OBSERVED AN OKAPI CROSSING THE ROAD AHEAD OF THEIR CARS; AND FOUR OKAPI WERE BROUGHT BY PYGMIES TO A RESIDENT IN THE EPUŁA FOREST, AND A DOZEN WERE DELIVERED TO THE BUTA MISSION. I TAKE THE OKAPI FOR COMPARISON BECAUSE IT IS CONSIDERED NOT ONLY VERY RARE BUT ALMOST EXTINCT, AS SHOWN BY THE BELGIAN GOVERNMENT'S POLICY OF STRICT PROTECTION. IN A FOREST WHICH IS THE HABITAT OF BOTH OKAPI AND BONGO, I HAVE SEEN ONLY FIVE BONGO FOOTPRINTS. I HAVE HEARD FROM THE NATIVES OF ONE BONGO KILLED BY THEM, AND OF NONE KILLED BY WHITE HUNTERS, ALTHOUGH IT IS NOT PROHIBITED GAME. ONLY ONCE, DURING A DRIVE, I HAVE SEEN AN ADULT BONGO, WHICH TOSSSED TWO NATIVES AND DISAPPEARED BEFORE I HAD TIME TO PROTECT THEM WITH MY RIFLE. NEVER HAVE I SEEN A BONGO IN A PIT; NEVER HAVE I STARTLED ONE, AND NEVER HAVE I PHOTOGRAPHED A SINGLE SPECIMEN IN FREEDOM. WHILE I COULD HAVE BOUGHT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ATILIO GATTI, LEADER OF THE GATTI

OKAPI: A YOUNG FEMALE BONGO CAPTURED H'RABI AND HER WINNING WAYS.



FIG. 5. "THE LINE OF HER BACK IS MUCH MORE DEFINITELY CURVED [THAN IS DOREEN'S] AND THE DIFFERENCE IN HEIGHT AT THE SHOULDER AND THE RUMP IS MORE MARKED": H'RABI IN HER CORRAL.



FIG. 9. "THE MOST IRRESISTIBLE BEGGING POSITION, PRESSING HER SHOULDERS AGAINST OUR LEGS, STRETCHING UP HER NECK TO NUZZLE HER HEAD AGAINST US." PICTURES (TWO OF WHICH I REPRODUCED): FOUR ADULT SPECIMENS I OBSERVED, AND A YOUNG ONE, WHICH UNFORTUNATELY AFTERWARDS DIED. I CAPTURED MYSELF. THE MOST RELIABLE WITNESSES, ONE THE KIBALI-ITURI DISTRICT COMMISSIONER, THE OTHER A MISSIONARY OF BENI, OBSERVED AN OKAPI CROSSING THE ROAD AHEAD OF THEIR CARS; AND FOUR OKAPI WERE BROUGHT BY PYGMIES TO A RESIDENT IN THE EPUŁA FOREST, AND A DOZEN WERE DELIVERED TO THE BUTA MISSION. I TAKE THE OKAPI FOR COMPARISON BECAUSE IT IS CONSIDERED NOT ONLY VERY RARE BUT ALMOST EXTINCT, AS SHOWN BY THE BELGIAN GOVERNMENT'S POLICY OF STRICT PROTECTION. IN A FOREST WHICH IS THE HABITAT OF BOTH OKAPI AND BONGO, I HAVE SEEN ONLY FIVE BONGO FOOTPRINTS. I HAVE HEARD FROM THE NATIVES OF ONE BONGO KILLED BY THEM, AND OF NONE KILLED BY WHITE HUNTERS, ALTHOUGH IT IS NOT PROHIBITED GAME. ONLY ONCE, DURING A DRIVE, I HAVE SEEN AN ADULT BONGO, WHICH TOSSSED TWO NATIVES AND DISAPPEARED BEFORE I HAD TIME TO PROTECT THEM WITH MY RIFLE. NEVER HAVE I SEEN A BONGO IN A PIT; NEVER HAVE I STARTLED ONE, AND NEVER HAVE I PHOTOGRAPHED A SINGLE SPECIMEN IN FREEDOM. WHILE I COULD HAVE BOUGHT

ZOOLOGICAL EXPEDITION. (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON PAGE 233.)



FIG. 6. SHOWING HER ENORMOUS EARS, "MUCH LARGER THAN DOREEN'S AND WITH MORE ABUNDANT AND VIVID WHITE MARRINGS" (ON TOP): A FRONT VIEW OF H'RABI'S CONTEMPLATIVE FACE.



FIG. 10. "AS IF SHE HAD NEVER HAD IT IN ANY OTHER WAY, H'RABI . . . RAN TO THE PLATE AND DRANK": THE LITTLE BONGO ADDS CIVILIZED WAYS OF TAKING MILK. scores and scores of okapi skins, if purchasing them had not been illegal, only once could I obtain from the natives a badly cut-up skin of the non-protected bongo. Finally, only the Buta Mission, so far as I know, received from the pygmies a living specimen, a young male which soon died. Mr. Ryckmans, the new Governor-General of the Congo, is so well aware of the extraordinarily rapid disappearance of the animals that, I understand, he is planning to include it in the list of the most strictly protected animals, such as the okapi, the gorilla, and the pygmy elephant."

THE PORT IN CYPRUS WHERE OTHELLO DIED:
FAMAGUSTA AND ITS OLD BUILDINGS, WHICH ARE BEING REPAIRED.



OLD FAMAGUSTA, WHERE MUCH OF THE ACTION OF "OTHELLO" TAKES PLACE: A VIEW LOOKING INLAND; SHOWING (LEFT) THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. NICHOLAS, WHICH IS NOW A MOSQUE, SOARING ABOVE THE TOWN.



THE CHURCH OF ST. PETER AND ST. PAUL, BUILT ABOUT 1260 BY A MERCHANT FROM HIS PROFITS: THE LAST END.



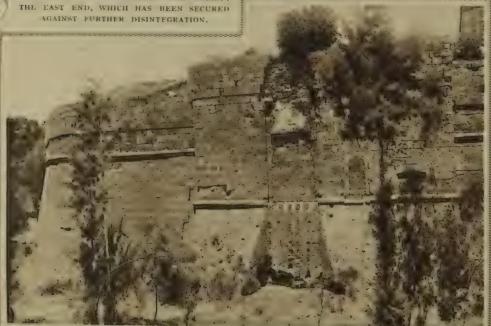
THE CHURCH OF ST. GEORGE THE GREEK: THE EAST END, WHICH HAS BEEN SECURED AGAINST FURTHER DISINTEGRATION.



THE WEST FRONT OF THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. NICHOLAS, NOW A MOSQUE: "COLUMNS SOARING LIKE THE BOLES OF A SECULAR FOREST."



THE INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. NICHOLAS, NOW A MOSQUE: "COLUMNS SOARING LIKE THE BOLES OF A SECULAR FOREST."



THE SOUTH-EAST FLANK OF THE GREAT RAVELIN BEFORE CONSERVATION: A SURVIVAL, DATING FROM 1544, OF THE EARLIEST ARTILLERY SYSTEM; PERHAPS UNIQUE, SINCE SUCH EARLY FEATURES WERE GENERALLY REMOVED FROM FORTRESSES DURING LATER MODIFICATIONS.



THE GREAT RAVELIN AFTER TREATMENT—FOR COMPARISON WITH THE PHOTOGRAPH ON THE LEFT: THE FORMER GATES REOPENED, AND A PATCH PUT ON ABOVE THE MAIN ARCH.

Famagusta is a seaport on the east coast of Cyprus, rich in the remains of ancient buildings. In his article on the page overleaf, Mr. Douglas Hamilton traces its history and describes with a vivid pen its appearance today. In 1571, too, Famagusta is the "seaport in Cyprus" where Othello and Desdemona landed and where Shakespeare's play reached its tragic climax. It is here that the Cyprus Committee, formed two years ago to assist in the work of repairing the ancient and medieval monuments of Cyprus, has hitherto devoted the greater part of its resources. The Committee's first report describes what has so far been done. "Many parts of the ancient fortifications round this remarkable medieval town have now been seriously explored, excavated and, where necessary, conserved. Much of the Great Ravelin in front of the Land Gate has been cleared, its four gates with their lofty galleries have been reopened, a large curving

underground gallery brought to light, and other galleries, stairs, and underground chambers rediscovered. Further excavations have been carried out in the Maronite Bastion, where much masonry has been secured, at the Land Morris and St. Simeon bastions, at the base of the Morato Cavalier, on the line of the old walls, and at other points of interest. . . . The combined medieval cathedrals of St. George the Greek and St. Simeon are being consolidated."

TO LEFT AND CENTRE RIGHT PHOTOGRAPHS BY N. NICOLAIDES.

ROMANTIC RUINS OF MEDIEVAL CYPRUS:
RELICS OF A SUCCESSION OF CONQUERORS TO BE CONSERVED.



A WINDOW IN THE MOUNTAIN CASTLE OF ST. HILARION: VOUSSOIRS PROPPED IN PLACE.



THE INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. SOPHIA AT NICOSIA, WHICH, LIKE THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. NICHOLAS AT FAMAGUSTA, IS NOW A MOSQUE.



THE INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. SOPHIA AT NICOSIA, WHICH, LIKE THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. NICHOLAS AT FAMAGUSTA, IS NOW A MOSQUE.



VAULTING IN ONE OF THE CLOISTER WALKS OF BELLAPIAS ABBEY TEMPORARILY SHORED UP: A THIRTEENTH-CENTURY LATIN MONASTERY.



THE ENTRANCE GATEWAY TO THE OROKIONON CHURCH IN NICOSIA, AFTERWARD CONSECUTED BY THE TURKS INTO THE REDESTAN, OR EXCHANGE.



MOUTOULAS CHURCH, A LITTLE BUILDING ON THE SLOPES OF MT. TRODOS: THE MAGNIFICENTLY CARVED DOOR, IN PERFECT REPAIR.



THE INTERIOR OF MOUTOULAS CHURCH, IN DEPLORABLE DISPAIR: MEDIEVAL PAINTINGS WHOSE PLASTER IS FLAKING OFF OVER LARGE AREAS.

The photographs here, opposite, and on the page overleaf, give an idea of the variety and romantic interest of the antiquities of Cyprus. By showing the disrepair into which so many of them have fallen, they reinforce the urgency of the appeal of the Cyprus Committee, whose functions are described on page 238. The subject can be further

studied in the exhibition of photographs now open to the public at the Victoria and Albert Museum. Cyprus has indeed undergone a notable series of vicissitudes in its long history. To mention only its medieval rulers, it has passed through the hands of Crusaders, Knights Templars, the Latin dynasty of Lusignan, Venetians, Genoese, and the Ottoman Turks. There are many, the majority of them of Byzantine technique, but some of the western Gothic style, created during the prosperous period of Cyprus history, that of the Lusignan kingdom. Cyprus became the headquarters of the Knights Templars, and the capital of the Lusignan kingdom. The Turkish conquest of 1570 ended Latin Christianity, but the Orthodox church was allowed to survive, and so, while the Latin churches are now either mosques or abandoned and ruined, the Greek churches can show a wealth of carved iconostases and painted walls. Castles, fortresses, monasteries and churches bear witness to the island's romantic history.

OLD FAMAGUSTA, THE SEA-PORT CITY OF OTHELLO : MEDIÆVAL MONUMENTS OF CYPRUS, IN URGENT NEED OF REPAIR.

By DOUGLAS HAMILTON.

The Cyprus Committee was formed in December 1933, under the chairmanship of Lord Mersey, to assist the Colonial Office and the Cyprus Government in the preservation, maintenance, discovery, and examination of the antiquities of the island, and to collect funds for that purpose. The Committee recently issued its first report, describing the work that has so far been done and repeating the appeal made at its inauguration. Contributions, marked "Cyprus Monuments Fund," should be sent to Lloyds Bank, 6, Pall Mall, S.W.1, or to the Ottoman Bank or to the Ionian Bank, Nicosia. We commend this appeal to our readers, as we have done in the past; and we again draw their attention—by means of Mr. Hamilton's extremely interesting article on this page and of the photographs given here and on the two preceding pages—to the extraordinary archaeological richness of Cyprus and to the urgent need of so many of its monuments for immediate work of preservation. Already the Committee has accomplished much, but much more remains to be done. We may add that a special exhibition of excellent photographs, the majority of them taken by Mr. C. J. P. Cave, was recently opened to the public at the Victoria and Albert Museum. These photographs show what tasks the Cyprus Committee has undertaken and has still to undertake.

So this is Old Famagusta, scene of "Othello"! The ship rounds a reef and enters the new half-million harbour, set in a lagoon of burnished silver. The sea-gate with its bastioned Guard Room is shut. You enter the mediæval town by an archway in the Curtain Wall. Old Famagusta has little to do with modern Greek and Turkish Cyprus. It is a city of intruders. All around rise the carved chancels of crumbling Gothic churches. Above them soar the decapitated towers and pinnacles of a splendid Latin cathedral. Mighty flying buttresses cast deep shadows on its sides, to which a Moslem minaret clings precariously. A square moated citadel of Norman mien looms forbiddingly on the right. The whole city is rich with the echoes of past splendour. But who worshipped in these churches now so pathetically empty? Who were the tenants of the castle by the sea?

Cœur de Lion, on a crusade, conquered Cyprus for insult to Berengaria, whom he wedded on the island. He sold it to the Templars, who resold it to Guy de Lusignan, Count of Poitou and King of Jerusalem, just lost to the Saracens. So this romantic French dynasty was installed

and the hovels of the ragged Turkish garrison. Guards watched the gates of the fortress that were closed at nightfall.

The ancient buildings beckon. Under a Venetian lion you enter

the moated citadel, or sea-castle, by a dark passage into a square court. In one of its towers lodged Christoforo Moro, the original of Othello. Iago lurks in its shadows and clinks his canakin with Cassio in the

carving. The lofty traceried windows were once rich with stained glass. The great western front, with its mutilated twin towers, reminds you of Rheims. But it has also the look of an English cathedral. You enter, and the columns soar like the boles of a secular forest. Whitewash covers the frescoed walls. You note the carved tomb of a Frankish bishop, said to have died of a mediæval chill, caught bathing. But no organ rolls, and no flute-voiced choristers pipe the responses. Instead there rises some long-drawn, swelling modulation, that ends in the name of Allah.

But it is time to leave Old Famagusta. A long street bordered by vaulted wine-shops leads out of the city. Through the door of a heavily buttressed church, carved with Gothic angels, orange cases flaunt gay labels. Aphrodite lends her charms to advertise her island's golden fruit. And a coal-black Othello, in trunk hose and doublet, is half-embraced by a blonde Teutonic Desdemona. The echoing tunnelled Land Gate leads to a causeway over the moat. You squeeze by strings of gurgling, supercilious camels, whose bells sound a flawed tinkle. Huge sacks of charcoal are roped to their high wooden saddles. Camels

WORK IN PROGRESS ON THE BASTION OF DEL MOZZO, FAMAGUSTA : WORKMEN (ABOVE) CLEARING THE AIR SHAFT, AND (BELOW) TAKING EARTH OUT THROUGH THE GUN PORTS.

groined and vaulted banqueting-hall. From its ramparts, that look over the bay to castled mountains, shots of courtesy would have echoed to welcome Desdemona. On what slight basis Shakespeare built his plot! A Venetian general, with his young bride, went to Cyprus to command the troops. She died there of fever. Her family was not quite satisfied with the general's account of her death. Perhaps there was another lady in the case! On

this slight story Shakespeare built a whole drama of Oriental jealousy and over-tried loyalty, of murder, remorse, and suicide!

Following the grass-grown ramparts, embrasured for cannon, but now dotted with sand-strewn putting-greens, you come to the Martinengo Bastion, where north wall meets west. Above it rises a lofty Cavalier, or gun-platform. Below loom the dry depths of the enormous rock-cut moat. Over the wide Cyprian plain beyond, patriarchal shepherds wander through asphodel. A light patch is a rocky plateau. A dark blot is a scented orange-grove. Purple cloud shadows creep over the silvery mountains that close the wide sweep of the ultramarine bay. Peak after castled peak dwindle into the sea-embraced distance. And how incongruous appears the smoke-stack of a steamer peeping over the curtain wall!

A flight of steps descends into the bowels of the bastion. Time has hardly touched the masonry of the spacious, vaulted casemates. More steps, flanked by enfilading embrasures, run down into the moat. Shafts for powder-smoke pierce the roof. A sloping tunnel leads up into the town. And now you are back in the Crusades. Between palm clumps and a colony of cave-dwellers round a quarry, a whole flock of Gothic churches is scattered. Fantastic gargoyles and carved animals look down from roof and wall. You enter a church

that is nearly entire. The groined chancel is alive with faded frescoes, and you puzzle out the compositions. You enter another and another. Gold, blue, green, and reddish-brown are the colours that have lasted best. Sometimes the subject is clear—a scene from the Passion, St. George spearing the Dragon. In a small domed church, a huge gold halo shines over an archangel's mighty head and wings. The invading Turks and catapulting boys have destroyed the heads of many figures. Mules and oxen were long stabled in the churches, and poked their heads through exquisite trefoil windows.

Beyond the decorative spread of a mighty tree, the Cathedral of St. Nicholas soars above the square. Gothic canopies surmount its doors. The whole façade is a mass of florid

kneeling to be loaded under the shady arches of caravanserais are specially romantic. One does not feel the same about the trucks of the light railway on the quay, though they load from the high-pooped schooners of half the isles of Greece.

The road leads between arcaded Government offices and a plantation of pines. Dilapidated carriages, the colour of an unblacked shoe, drawn by saturnine horses, dog your footsteps. On the ridge beyond the pine plantation lies the English Club. The British Empire consists of thousands of clubs, dotted at intervals over the earth's surface. In them British officials drink pegs and swap stories, more or less isolated from the surrounding population.

Over coffee and liqueurs in the flagged dining-room of the Club, your thoughts turn again to the pageant and romance of Old Famagusta. You catch the faint echoes of bygone chivalry, and see the hunting cavalcades wind past the ramparts with their falcons. But your steamer waits. So farewell to Old Famagusta, where the immemorial East is changing at last, and irreverent modern life is penetrating. But, in spite of all, the battered churches and clear-cut, bastioned walls live on. To adapt verses on a far more ancient town—

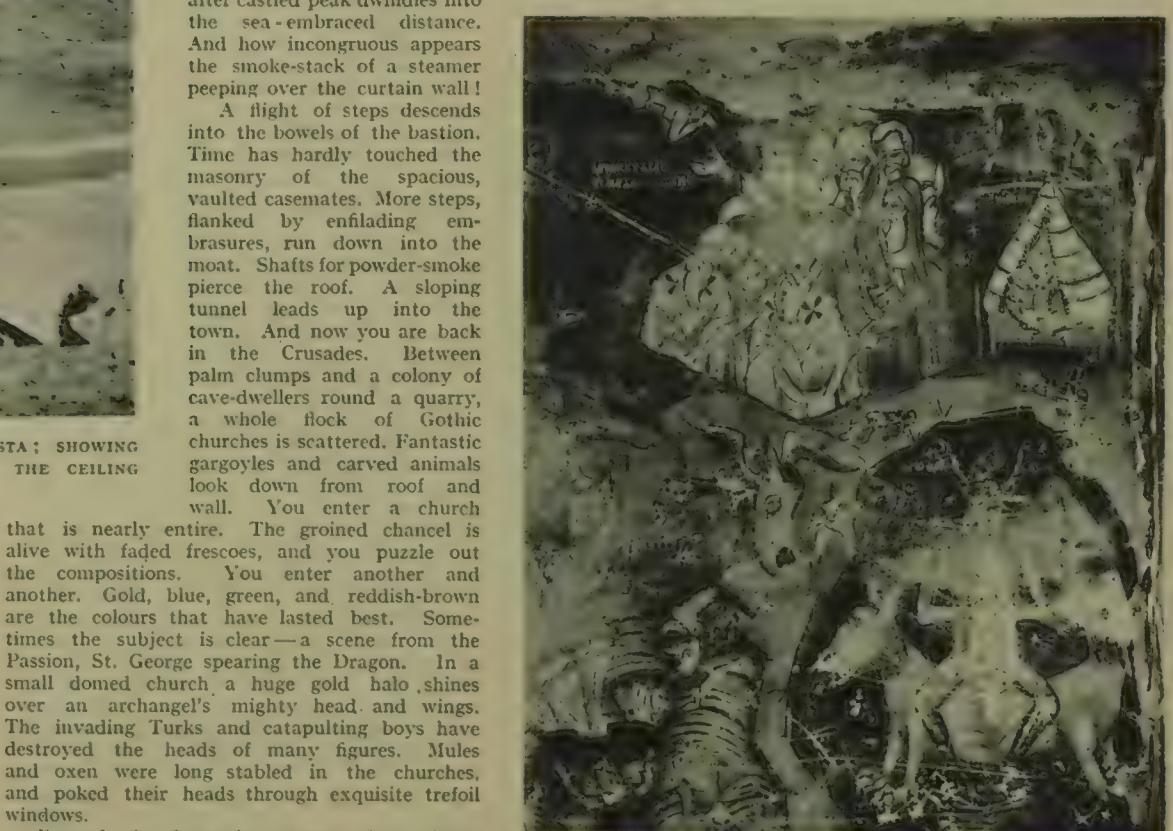
Match me such marvel, save in Southern clime,
An amber city, victor still of Time.



THE SOUTH FLANK OF THE MARTINENGO BASTION, FAMAGUSTA : SHOWING THE SALLY PORT, AND (IN FOREGROUND) AN OPENING IN THE CEILING OF AN UNDERGROUND PASSAGE.

in Cyprus, to rule three hundred years. Under it the chivalry of the West adopted the East, and, chameleon-like, changed its colours. As the Saracens overran Syria and Palestine, Latin refugees flocked to Cyprus. Counts and Barons of French—and a few of English—descent were granted fiefs all over the island. Western arms surrounded the doors of splendid palaces—names like Neville and Grey are still seen on tombstones. These nobles lived luxuriously in shady arcades amongst scented gardens. Clad in silks, spangled with Oriental jewels, they fed delicately, and moved over deep-piled carpets. Corrupted by this sybaritic life, some combined "French arrogance, Greek effusiveness, and Oriental effeminacy!"

Queen Catherine Cornaro, who sat to Titian, was done out of Cyprus by the Venetians. Under them the island declined and fell to the Turks. One rapacious Pasha after another completed its desolation. Century after century the splendid Gothic ruins looked down on Turkish decadence



A FRESCO OF HELL IN PYRGA CHURCH : A COMPOSITION OF A KIND NOT UNCOMMON IN THE OLD RELIGIOUS BUILDINGS OF CYPRUS, ESPECIALLY IN THE ORTHODOX CHURCHES.



GERMANY'S OLYMPIC OARSMEN TRAIN BY MOONLIGHT AND ARTIFICIAL LIGHT: CREWS ROWING AT NIGHT PRACTICE ON THE RIVER SPREE UNDER THE EYE OF THEIR COACH.

Just now, on evenings when the River Spree is free from ice, the unusual spectacle is to be seen in Berlin of boat-race crews at practice long after nightfall. It is part of the training for the Olympic Games—the Winter Sports section of which opened at Garmisch-Partenkirchen on February 6. The Games themselves open on

August 1 in Berlin, where a colossal stadium is being built. Here are seen two of the crews which are competing for the honour of representing Germany in a rowing event. The moonlight is supplemented by artificial light; and the coach is seen in the foreground shouting his instructions as he follows in a motor-boat.

A GREAT CAPTAIN.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"BLAKE: GENERAL-AT-SEA." By C. D. CURTIS.*

(PUBLISHED BY THE WESSEX PRESS.)

"I'LL tell you, there is good men born at Monmouth," said Fluellen: and there is good men and good sailors born in all the West Country. Somerset and Dorset are full of sea-history, and the little town of Bridgwater, once a busy port, has its share in the epic. There Robert Blake was born, and there his statue stands to-day. Blake is one of the most remarkable examples in our history of the amphibious warrior—a type which has necessarily disappeared. His service on land was of immense value to the Parliamentary cause, but even more valuable was his service at sea, for it was rendered not merely to a faction, but to a nation, and it had the quality of originality as well as of devotion. Of Blake Clarendon, a bitter political enemy, had the grace to write: "He betook himself wholly to the sea, and quickly made himself signal there. He was the first man that declined the old track, and made it manifest that the science might be attained in less time than was imagined. . . . He was the first man who brought the ships to contemn castles on shore, which had been thought ever very formidable, and were discovered by him to make a noise only, and to fright those who could rarely be hurt by them. He was the first that infused that proportion of courage into the seamen by making them see by experience what mighty things they could do if they were resolved, and taught them to fight in fire as well as upon water; and though he has been very well imitated and followed, he was the first that gave the example of that kind of naval courage, and bold and resolute achievements." He suffered one severe defeat at sea, but for the rest his career was a long series of resounding successes, often achieved in the most unpropitious circumstances, and, in the latter part of his life, under the handicap of painful ill-health.

He was born in 1598 of firmly rooted Somersetshire stock. Nothing of great interest is recorded of his youth in the country and at Wadham College, Oxford, but there is a certain piquancy in the fact that he was rejected for a Fellowship by the Warden of Merton on the ground that he "did not attain to the height and elegant stature which the Warden required of his Fellows." (Contemporary portraits suggest a somewhat loose and rough build, with a tendency to fleshiness.) There is a complete blank in our information about his life between the ages of twenty-seven and forty-two; Mr. Curtis, in the volume before us, discusses certain conjectural accounts of his activities between those years; these guesses have all, in various hands, taken on a very circumstantial form,

less than to sweep the Royalist fleet from the seas. He had no spectacular success at first, and his long grapple with the elusive Prince Rupert in the Tagus and round

weakened by her internal struggles, was hard put to it to make herself ready with a fleet consisting chiefly of hastily converted merchantmen, and with probably not more than twenty efficient men-of-war. These latter, however, included some fine examples of the new frigates and three-deckers; the pride of the fleet was the famous *Sovereign of the Seas* (later the *Royal Sovereign*), of 1637 tons, carrying a heavy armament and a crew of five hundred.

After the successful, but not conclusive, opening engagements of Dover and the Kentish Knock, Blake suffered a serious reverse at the hands of Tromp's great fleet at Dungeness on Nov. 30, 1652. In this battle certain weaknesses of discipline in the fleet revealed themselves; Blake dealt with them sternly and systematically, and in the three days' desperate fight at Portland in February, 1653, he more than restored the prestige which had been lost at Dungeness. He was now, at the age of fifty-five, a man in failing health, largely as the result of the hardships which he had endured at sea; but despite this disability, at the end of August, at Scheveningen, where Tromp lost his life, his victory was so complete that the Dutch were glad to sue for peace. So ended the First Dutch War.

There was, however, only a very brief interval of rest for this tired and ill man, who now enjoyed an almost legendary reputation throughout Europe. In 1655 it fell to him to consolidate the work which he had begun in the Mediterranean, and the crushing victory which he inflicted on the Bey of Tunis at Porto Farino was a blow struck not only for England but for all Europe, which was being held to ransom by the heathen corsairs. At this time Blake was labouring under great difficulties, for the Fleet was, amid the growing financial anxieties of the Commonwealth, falling into that neglect which continued to sap its efficiency until a certain Mr. Pepys set to work upon it. Blake, having endured much without complaint, was at last driven to bitter protest: "This we know, that our condition is dark and sad and like to be very miserable; our ships extreme foul, winter drawing on, our victuals expiring, all stores failing, our men falling sick through the badness of drink, and eating their victuals boiled in salt water for two months space. . . . We have no place or friend, our recruits here slow, and our mariners (which I most apprehend) apt to fall into discontents through their long keeping abroad. Our only comfort is that we have a God to lean upon although we walk in darkness and see no light." This complaint produced some improvement, and Blake, though weary in body and spirit, was able to prosecute the war against Spain with a reasonably well-equipped force. Santa Cruz, in April 1657, was perhaps the most brilliant action of his whole career: and it was also the last. He died on August 7, 1657, as his ship entered Plymouth Sound—in sight of the land which he had longed to touch before he died, but not upon it. He was buried with all pomp and honour in Westminster Abbey. By the orders of Charles II. in 1661, he, together with numerous other leaders of the Revolution, was disinterred, and he lies to-day in an unknown grave. This was a strange act in a monarch who, whatever his faults, was not usually ungenerous or intolerant.

Mr. Curtis has been patient and diligent in research, and has compiled what we imagine to be an accurate narrative of a remarkable career, but a narrative not distinguished either by literary grace or by animation commensurate with the subject. Blake, the man, hardly comes to life at all in these pages, perhaps because there is not sufficient evidence concerning his personality. A greater vivacity we should have welcomed; nevertheless, the reader is indebted to Mr. Curtis for his industry in recalling one of England's worthies back from the fleeting, and now scattered, dust.

C. K. A.



AN INCIDENT IN BLAKE'S RISE TO NAVAL FAME IN THE COMMONWEALTH CAUSE: THE BLOCKADE OF THE ROYALIST FLEET UNDER PRINCE RUPERT IN THE TAGUS. (AFTER THE PAINTING BY SIR O. W. BRIERLY IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, VICTORIA, AUSTRALIA.)

but they all lack reliable foundation. Blake first comes into the light of history when he was already—as age was reckoned in those days—well-stept in years. He was a member, apparently inconspicuous, of the fateful Parliament of 1640. When issue was joined, he at once espoused the Parliamentary cause. His earliest important engagement was disheartening, for he took part in the surrender of Bristol in 1643; the fort which he commanded was the last to fall, and it is said that he was nearly despatched by the incensed Prince Rupert for his obstinate resistance. At Lyme Regis, and more especially at Taunton, he withstood two sieges which notably affected the course of the Civil War, and when he followed up these two successes by the capture of Dunster in 1645, he was marked for high command. It was offered him by Cromwell not on land, but at sea. He was then fifty.

It is true that Blake was not without traditional associations with the sea, nor, indeed, without some personal intimacy with it; but there is nothing to show that he had ever had any technical naval training, and it is, to modern notions, extraordinary that he could so soon convert himself into a skilled naval commander. There was urgent work for him to do. His task was no

Blake had done more than deal a crippling blow to the Royalists' most adventurous commander. "His journey into the Mediterranean marked a new era in English policy. Previously no English fleet had entered the Mediterranean, but since Blake's expedition the Royal Navy has, with very short lapses, continuously maintained a Mediterranean station."

With the reduction of the Scillies and of Jersey, Blake virtually put an end to the Royalist marine force. But already the Dutch fleet was hovering on the fringe of the engagement and in 1652 Blake found himself opposed to a formidable foreign enemy, which outnumbered him somewhat in ships and was, on the whole, better prepared for war than himself. England,

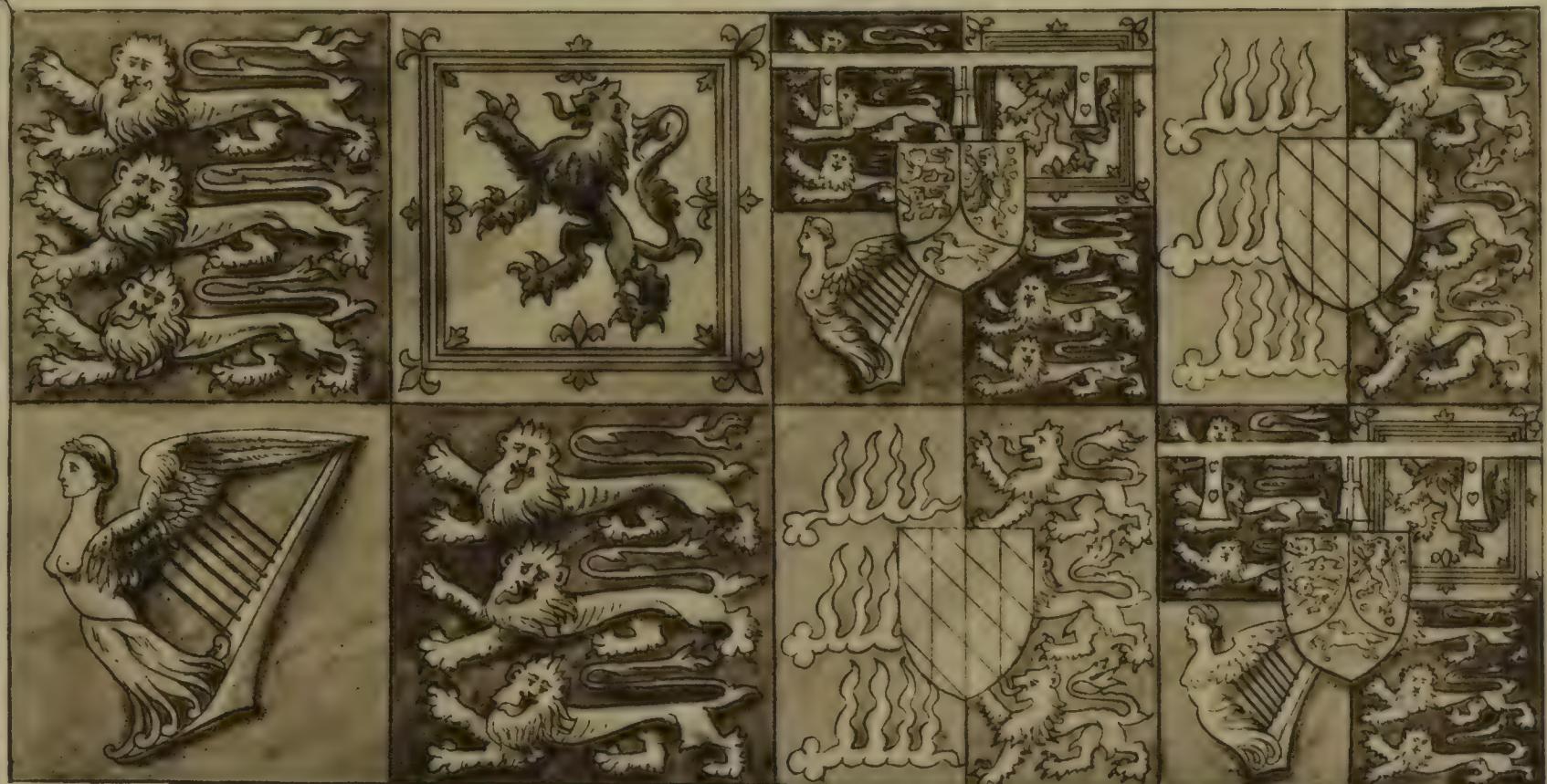


SANTA CRUZ, IN TENERIFFE: THE SCENE OF BLAKE'S LAST, AND MOST FAMOUS EXPLOIT, THE WONDERFUL VICTORY OVER A SPANISH FLEET IN 1656.

With regard to this famous victory, Nelson, just before his own unfortunate experiences at Santa Cruz, wrote: "I do not reckon myself equal to Blake, but if I recollect right he was more obliged to the wind coming off the land than to any exertions of his own." As a matter of fact, Blake was not favoured by the wind. Only his fine seamanship made possible his success.

Reproductions from "Blake: General-at-Sea," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Barnicott and Pearce, Taunton.

QUEEN MARY'S FLAG AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE; THE KING'S AT ST. JAMES'S.



QUEEN MARY'S PERSONAL STANDARD—EMBODYING THE ROYAL ARMS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM AND THOSE OF THE HOUSE OF TECK: A FLAG HOISTED ON BUCKINGHAM PALACE WHEN HER MAJESTY IS IN RESIDENCE THERE, AS SHE IS LIKELY TO BE FOR SOME MONTHS.



THE OUTWARD SIGN OF QUEEN MARY'S RESIDENCE AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE—AFTER THE ACCESSION OF KING EDWARD VIII.: HER MAJESTY'S PERSONAL STANDARD FLYING OVER THE PALACE; A SIGHT SOMEWHAT UNFAMILIAR.

After the accession of King Edward VIII. the Royal Standard was flown at St. James's Palace for what is believed to be the first time for ninety-nine years. It flew at full mast immediately over the doorway to the Ambassador's Court entrance to the Palace State Rooms. At the same time, Queen Mary's personal standard, which differs from the Royal Standard, was hoisted at Buckingham Palace. Queen Mary's flag shows her arms impaled with those of his late Majesty King George V. Her Majesty's arms, which were granted to her when she was Princess of Wales, are those of her mother, the Duchess of Teck, quarterly with those of her father, the Duke of Teck. The arms of the Duchess, in this case,



THE OUTWARD SIGN OF KING EDWARD'S RESIDENCE AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE—AFTER HIS ACCESSION: THE ROYAL STANDARD FLYING OVER THE PALACE FOR THE FIRST TIME FOR NINETY-NINE YEARS.

are in the first quarter, she being a member of the Royal house. Her arms differ from those of the reigning Sovereign, in that (among other points) they include the escutcheon of Hanover. As regards the future place of residence of King Edward in London, it is understood that he will continue to live at York House, St. James's Palace, for six months or longer. He has taken over a suite of rooms at Buckingham Palace for the conduct of official business. It is also understood that he decided on this arrangement out of consideration for the convenience of Queen Mary, who has a private suite of rooms at the Palace to which, naturally, she is very much attached.

HOW THE WORLD MOURNED KING GEORGE'S DEATH: TRIBUTES ABROAD.



IN ALEXANDRIA: THE OUTDOOR MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR KING GEORGE ON THE GROUNDS OF THE CRICKET CLUB; WITH THE BAND OF THE ROYAL BERKSHIRES AND NAVAL AND ROYAL AIR FORCE DETACHMENTS TAKING PART.



IN CAIRO: THE MEMORIAL SERVICE IN KASR EL NIL BARRACKS, ATTENDED BY OVER 10,000 PEOPLE, INCLUDING REPRESENTATIVES OF TWENTY COUNTRIES—A SOLEMN CEREMONY UNDER THE EGYPTIAN SUN.



IN VALLETTA: THE HUNDREDS OF WREATHS PLACED UNDER THE QUEEN VICTORIA STATUE BY THE PEOPLE OF MALTA—TRIBUTES TO THE LATE KING GEORGE FROM AN ISLAND WHERE HE IS MOURNED.



IN VIENNA: THE MEMORIAL SERVICE IN THE ENGLISH CHURCH; ATTENDED BY SIR WALTER AND LADY SELBY (LEFT), DR. SCHUSCHNIG, THE CHANCELLOR (CENTRE), AND OTHER OFFICIALS AND MEMBERS OF THE GOVERNMENT.



AT WARSAW: INSIDE THE CHURCH DURING THE MEMORIAL SERVICE—A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING PRESIDENT MOSICKI OF POLAND IN THE LEFT FOREGROUND; WITH MEMBERS OF THE GOVERNMENT AND OTHER OFFICIALS BEHIND HIM.

Striking tributes to the memory of King George were paid on January 28, the day of the funeral, by the nations of the world. Memorial services were held in capitals throughout Europe, Africa, Asia, and America, and were attended by the leading public men. Egypt memorial services were held out of doors in Alexandria and in Cairo. Both ceremonies drew great crowds, and the spectacle that each gathering afforded was notably impressive. In Cairo King Fuad was

represented by Prince Muhammad Ali Hassan. Sir Miles Lampson, the High Commissioner, was also present there. The King of Sweden and many of the Swedish Royal Family attended the memorial service held in the Engelska Kyrka in Stockholm. During the service the bells of the nearby Riddarholms Kyrka, which contains the arms of the Knights of the Order of the Seraphim, were tolling, as King George was a Knight of that, the first of the Swedish Orders.

(Continued opposite.)

EUROPE'S GREAT TRIBUTE TO KING GEORGE: MOURNING IN THE CAPITALS.



IN BUDAPEST: THE REGENT OF HUNGARY, ADMIRAL HORTHY (LEFT), EXPRESSING HIS SYMPATHY TO SIR GEOFFREY KNOX, THE BRITISH MINISTER.



IN BERLIN: HERR HITLER LEAVING ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, THE CHURCH OF THE BRITISH COLONY, AFTER ATTENDING THE MEMORIAL SERVICE.



IN BERLIN: GENERAL GÖRING AND HIS WIFE LEAVING ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH AFTER THE MEMORIAL SERVICE.



IN BUCHAREST: QUEEN ELIZABETH OF GREECE, FOLLOWED BY SIR REGINALD HOARE, THE BRITISH MINISTER (RIGHT), LEAVING THE ENGLISH CHURCH.



IN BRUSSELS: ELIZABETH, THE QUEEN MOTHER OF THE BELGIANS, ATTENDING THE MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR KING GEORGE AT CHRIST CHURCH.



IN BELGRADE: MARIE, THE QUEEN MOTHER OF YUGOSLAVIA (NEAREST CAMERA), AND PRINCESS PAUL, WIFE OF THE FIRST REGENT, AT THE SERVICE.



IN PARIS: MME. LEBRUN SHAKING HANDS WITH SIR GEORGE CLERK, THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR, AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE BRITISH EMBASSY CHURCH.



IN MADRID: SEÑOR ZAMORA, THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC (LEFT), AND SIR H. G. CHILTON, THE BRITISH AMBASSADOR (CENTRE), AFTER THE SERVICE.

King Albert. Her Majesty was received at the door by Sir Edmund Ovey, the British Ambassador, and the Embassy staff. In Paris the memorial service was held in the British Embassy Church. Sir George Clerk, the British Ambassador, represented the King, and among other guests were M. Sarrail, the Prime Minister, the Presidents of the Senate and Chamber, Mme. Lebrun, Queen Amélie of Portugal, Princess Nicholas of Greece, and Princess George of Greece.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

ABOUT three weeks ago I seized an opportunity to pay a brief visit to the Zoological Gardens, to see one or two of the recent additions to the Aquarium and the Reptile House. Among these were the great South American horned toad and the famous American bullfrog. The frogs and toads, of which there are nearly 1000 known species, are a much-maligned group; coming, perhaps, next after the snakes in odium in the estimation of the general public. And this ill-concealed dislike is indeed of long-standing. Shakespeare speaks of "the toad, ugly and venomous," and concludes his libel by according it a virtue it does not possess, in the assertion that it "wears yet a jewel in its head." Herein he but voiced the prejudices of his age: and they seem to-day as strong as ever. Nevertheless, the frog tribe will be found, on closer acquaintance, to be of quite exceptional interest, for it presents a range of form, coloration, and habits of surprising diversity; and this is especially true of its breeding habits, which are associated with vocal powers of the strangest kind.

The point that interests me just now, in connection with some work I have in hand, concerns the peculiar variability which some species display in regard to size. The toad of our gardens, cherished, and rightly, by some gardeners as an ally in the destruction of worms, snails, and noxious insects, normally does not exceed 2½ inches for males and 3½ inches for females. But it would seem that when food is abundant and the climate kindly, the period of growth is greatly extended. There are records from Southern Europe of specimens which measured six inches long—probably females. Jersey, famous for its giant cabbages, also produces toads of prodigious size, though these seem always to have

Portuguese races, and they had enormous appetites. One of the biggest, I remember him telling me, would take full-grown mice, stalking them into a corner, and then pouncing on them the moment they moved!

That the toad can survive prodigiously long fasts is a widespread belief, encouraged by the

were practically undergoing an unusually prolonged kind of hibernation. Had their prisons been larger they would all have been dead in about six months.

The so-called "horned toad," of which I must now speak, is, as a matter of fact, a frog. But its general appearance and short limbs are so curiously toad-like that the misconception is pardonable.

There is, indeed, no hard-and-fast line to be drawn between the frogs and the toads when living. Systematists have, it is true, succeeded in this, but they have to rely on internal, anatomical characters. There are ten species of horned toad (*Ceratophrys*), all living in South America, from Guiana to Argentina. Most of them have a horn-like ridge on the upper eyelid. The giant of the tribe (*Ceratophrys dorsata*), of equatorial Brazil, is six inches long. The somewhat smaller species (*C. ornata*) of northern Brazil, has a coloration of great beauty, green, black, brown, and yellow, being softly blended to form patches and stripes, with narrow rings of white interspersed with rusty brown or red. Pleasing enough to our eyes, when seen at the "Zoo," this

coloration serves as a mantle of invisibility when the creature is lying, half-buried in the ground, while it watches, with metallic, glittering eyes, for unfortunate members of its tribe passing its place of concealment. Frogs form its principal victims, but others of its own species are often flicked into its enormous mouth.

And now a word or two about some very obvious frogs, presenting wide ranges in the matter of size. At one extreme we have "Darwin's frog," which barely exceeds an inch in length; and at the other the West African goliath frog, no less than twelve inches long! Some years ago a specimen was captured and shipped to our Zoological Gardens in an empty 10-gallon spirit drum, but on the second day out managed to force up the heavy lid and "escaped" by jumping overboard! Little appears to be known of the habits of this frog, and less of its food.

Among the lesser giants, the most famous, perhaps, is the North American "bullfrog" (*Rana catesbeiana*), which may attain to a length of as much as seven inches. As will be seen in the adjoining photograph, the mouth is of enormous size. Molluscs, crustacea, fishes, and, above all, frogs, form its diet:

which is probably further varied by ducklings and the young of other water-fowl. But otters and snakes and, in the South, alligators feed in turn on the bullfrog. In the breeding-season they will gather together in hundreds, holding "concerts" which can be heard at a distance of half a mile. The voice is a hoarse bass, sounding like "bruum," commonly translated into "more rum"! It is the most aquatic of all the North American frogs, individuals having been known to live for years in wells where they could not, for one moment, rest on solid ground above water. There is another striking feature of this frog, and this is the enormous size of the tympanum, or "drum-head" covering the aperture of the external ear. It is largest in the males, but no

1. A LARGE SOUTH AMERICAN FROG WHICH ENJOYS A SOMEWHAT CANNIBALISTIC DIET—MOSTLY CONSISTING OF OTHER FROGS: THE SO-CALLED "HORNED TOAD" OF BRAZIL (*CERATOPHYS ORNATA*), BEAUTIFULLY COLOURED IN GREEN, BLACK, BROWN, AND YELLOW, AND ATTAINING A LENGTH OF OVER FIVE INCHES.—[Photos, by D. Seth-Smith.]

newspapers with stories of toads found in lumps of coal, in which they must have been entombed when the coal was in process of formation—several millions of years ago! The late Frank Buckland, to discredit such grotesque beliefs, put a dozen toads, each in a separate hole bored in a block of porous limestone, covering up the holes with a glass plate and burying the block a yard deep in the soil. A second dozen were similarly immured in a block of dense limestone. Here they were left for fifty-four weeks. When the blocks were then raised all the occupants of the sandstone block were dead, and decomposed, but



3. THE SOUTH AMERICAN BULLFROG (*LEPTODACTYLUS OCELLATA*): A SPECIES WHICH, AT SPAWNING-TIME, DEVELOPS A REMARKABLE "COURTING-SONG" RESEMBLING THE SOUND MADE BY A CARPENTER WHEN CHOPPING A BEAM, AND VERY LOUD.

some of those in the limestone block were still living, and continued to live for a further eighteen months under normal conditions of captivity. Being unable to move, of course there was no waste of tissue. They

explanation can be given for this exceptional size. A great contrast in the size of the tympanum is seen in the South American bullfrog (Fig. 3), for here it is reduced almost to the vanishing-point.



2. THE FAMOUS NORTH AMERICAN BULLFROG, WHICH VARIES ITS DIET OF OTHER FROGS WITH SMALL FISHES AND THE YOUNG OF WATER-FOWL!—A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING THE GREAT SIZE OF THE TYMPANUM, WHICH APPEARS STRETCHED LIKE A DRUM-HEAD OVER THE OUTER APERTURE OF THE EAR.

spent their lives within the kindly shelter of greenhouses. Without exception, however, these are always females, and often, but not always, sterile. And it is a matter of some interest to note that this process of growth must be continuous. If, for example, the food-supply diminishes for a week or two, or by uncongenial surroundings, or the sameness and unvaried nature of the food, all further growth ceases; no amount of future good feeding will turn them into big specimens. The age of such monsters is unknown. It has been stated that at least ten years are required by the South European individuals to attain a length of as much as four inches, and at this rate it would require at least another five years to attain to the maximum of six inches. They seem, however, to be long-lived creatures. Mr. E. G. Boulenger kept one in a box provided with a sod of grass and fresh water at the British Museum of Natural History for twelve years. The late Dr. Gadow, of Cambridge, might be called the Patron Saint of toads and frogs, for he kept them in large numbers under ideal conditions. Among them were many of the conspicuously large Spanish and





A FANTASTIC UNDER-SEA "LANDSCAPE" OFF THE BAHAMAS: A COLOUR PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING A NASSAU GROUPER APPEARING IN A MENACING ATTITUDE IN THE REGION OF STONE TREES—ONE OF THE MANY UNDER-WATER PICTURES OBTAINED BY MR. J. E. WILLIAMSON WHILE SUBMERGED IN HIS "PHOTOSPHERE."

Under-Sea "Land- scapes": Colour Photo- graphs Taken Through the Windows of the Submarine "Photosphere"

TO obtain these underwater photographs in colour, Mr. J. E. Williamson, the American explorer and photographer, descended into the sea in the special "photosphere," a globular steel chamber which is set at the end of a long metallic, flexible, telescope-like tube and is fitted with special windows. Thus submerged, he has made a number of underwater films. Readers will recall that we illustrated some of his under-water scenes "on the set" in our issue of March 2 of last year. He describes the many phases of his work in a book, entitled "Twenty Years Under the Sea," which has recently been published in England by John

Continued



THE LIFE AND COLOUR WHICH ANIMATE THE SCENE AMID THE LOVELY CORAL GARDENS BENEATH THE WATERS OFF THE BAHAMAS: A LONE BLACK ANGEL FISH WINGING ITS WAY DOWN A SHADY LANE UNDER THE MASSIVE BRANCHES OF A PALMATE CORAL TREE.

COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHS BY J. E. WILLIAMSON. REPRODUCED FROM HIS BOOK, "TWENTY YEARS UNDER THE SEA"; PUBLISHED IN ENGLAND BY JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD.



THE GARDENS OF THE BAHAMAS SEA-BED AS VIEWED FROM THE WINDOW OF THE WILLIAMSON "PHOTOSPHERE": A UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH CHOSEN TO APPEAR ON A SPECIAL BAHAMAN AIR MAIL STAMP WHICH IT IS PROPOSED TO ISSUE SHORTLY.

Continued
Lane The Bodley Head. The following are from this work, which reads much that is of scientific and technical interest, and tells of many thrilling contests with sharks and other submarine terrors, living and inanimate. In a chapter headed "Exploring the Coral Jungles," Mr. Williamson gives a detailed description of the wondrous under-water country off the Bahamas: "Swimming over the bed of the ocean . . . I saw the coral kingdom looming in the distance. Majestically, like a true forest on the edge of a plain, stand great coral masses, their white trunks and branches silhouetted against the resplendent background of the horizon of this wonder world under the sea . . . The scene was brilliantly illuminated by the light of the sun . . . I could see fish of the most exotic hues lurking in the coral. A boat grunted dily at a pair of butterfly-fish, which were seen to sacrifice eight past his nose, and on . . . a miniature forest of lavender sea feathers." Additional interest is lent to these remarkable photographs by the fact that Mr. Williamson is shortly to make an under-water-air-mail connection with Falmouth, Ltd. This, of course, will be the first under-water colour-film that has ever been made. Much of it will be shot under the sea off the Bahamas, Mr. Williamson's "photosphere" being brought into use. Production will begin in May.



A FINNY SUBJECT POSES FOR THE UNDER-SEA PHOTOGRAPHER AGAINST A BACKGROUND OF RESPLENDENT COLOUR: A PARROT-FISH OF BRILLIANT HUE, WITH JADE GREEN TEETH, NOSES THROUGH THE SEA-PLUMES THAT WAVE IN THE SWIRL OF THE CURRENTS.



Kitchen design by Mrs. Darcy Braddell.

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How to modernise your kitchen—plans free

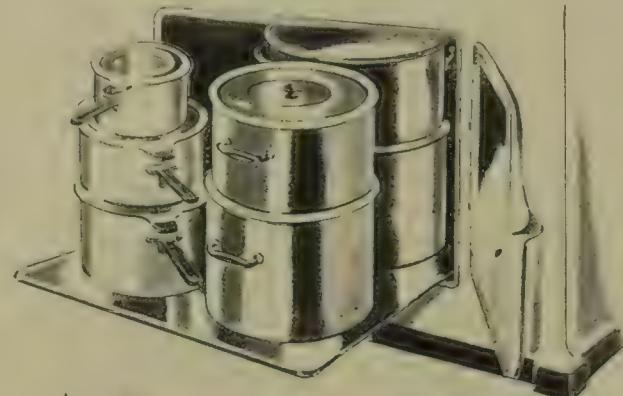
Mrs. Darcy Braddell in this plan shows how an old farmhouse kitchen has been converted into one which, while still retaining the essential charm and dignity of the old house, combines an easy running arrangement with modern simplicity of design—so essential to today's requirements and the modern servant. This plan shows how a woman's common sense can reduce drudgery and kitchen labour to a minimum never dreamed of by Man. Let this well-known woman designer help you. Write to the address given below for the folder which gives you full details, plan and elevations of this contemporary kitchen. The plan, of course, is free and so is the beautiful Aga book which goes with it.

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SIR OWEN SEAMAN, Bt.

For twenty-six years Editor of "Punch." Died February 2; aged seventy-four. For a short time he was a schoolmaster and Professor of Literature at Durham College of Science. Joined the staff of "Punch," 1897. Famous as a parodist. Wrote "Borrowed Plumes" and "Interludes of an Editor."



SIR ARTHUR G. M. FLETCHER.

Appointed Governor of Trinidad and Tobago, in succession to Sir Alfred C. Hollis (who is retiring from the public service). Governor of Fiji since 1929. Entered the Colonial Service, 1901, and served at Hong Kong until his appointment as Colonial Secretary, Ceylon, in 1926.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD : NOTABLE EVENTS AND PERSONALITIES.



MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD CHEERED BY STUDENTS AFTER HIS SUCCESS IN THE SCOTTISH UNIVERSITIES BY-ELECTION.

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, Lord President of the Council, was returned by a majority of 7359 over his Scottish Nationalist opponent in the Scottish Universities by-election. The result was declared on Feb. 3. The Socialist candidate, Mr. D. Cleghorn Thomson, forfeited his deposit. The vacancy, it will be recalled, was caused by the death of Mr. Noel Skelton.



THE NEW LORD GREAT CHAMBERLAIN : THE MARQUESS OF CHOLMONDELEY.

The Marquess of Cholmondeley took over the duties of Lord Great Chamberlain on January 22. The holder of the office changes with each reigning monarch, and it passes by hereditary right in turn to each of three great families. This photograph was taken on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee Celebrations.

AT THE OPENING OF ITALY'S NEW "HOLLYWOOD":

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI INSPECTING THE GUARD.

On January 29, Signor Mussolini laid the foundation-stone of the "cinematograph city" which is to be built outside Rome. The site is situated three and a half miles outside the Porta di San Giovanni, between the Via Appia and the Via Tuscolana. This Italian "Hollywood," it is proposed, will contain forty-five buildings. It is claimed that, when complete, the city will be the largest of its kind in Europe.



THE THIRD ANNIVERSARY OF HERR HITLER'S ACCESSION CELEBRATED IN BERLIN: STORM TROOPERS MASSED IN THE LUSTGARTEN.

On January 30, the third anniversary of his accession to office, Herr Hitler addressed the Old Guard of his Storm Troops at a big parade in the Lustgarten, in Berlin. All day long crowds gathered outside the Chancellery, singing songs and raising cheers for the Führer. In the evening there was a torchlight procession of Storm Troops, S.S. men, and Hitler youth formations.



GENERAL KONDYLIS, RESTORER OF THE GREEK MONARCHY, WHO DIED ON JAN. 31. General Kondylis, who was chiefly responsible for the Restoration of King George II. to the throne of Greece, died on January 31. He served in the Greek Army in wars from 1897 to 1920. He helped to depose King George II., being then a Republican. He joined the Government of M. Tsaldaris, a "theoretical Royalist," in 1932.



PRINCE STARHEMBERG'S TALKS IN LONDON AND PARIS: THE PRINCE AT VICTORIA.

Prince Starhemberg, Vice-Chancellor of Austria, was one of the foreign statesmen who came to London for the funeral of King George, and he had diplomatic conversations with Mr. Anthony Eden on January 29. He reached Paris on February 2, and had a further series of conversations with M. Flandin on February 4.



THE ADVANCE PARTY OF THE MOUNT EVEREST EXPEDITION LEAVES ENGLAND: LIEUT. GAVIN, MRS. AND DR. HUMPHREYS, AND MR. RUTTLEGE (L. TO R.) PHOTOGRAPHED AT VICTORIA.

Mr. Hugh Ruttledge, Dr. Noel Humphreys, and Lieut. J. M. L. Gavin, three members of the great new Everest climbing expedition, left London on February 1. Mr. Ruttledge expressed his confidence that, with ordinary luck, they would reach the summit. "In our party," he told a "Daily Telegraph" representative, "are ten men with climbing experience of the Himalayas, and nine who have been up Everest. We shall begin to ascend Everest about the middle of May, and, if all goes well, we shall have reached the top by the middle of June."

EVENTS IN ABYSSINIA AND EGYPT: BOMBING; FORT-BUILDING; RIOTING.



THE BOMBING OF A SWEDISH RED CROSS AMBULANCE IN ABYSSINIA BY ITALIANS: THE DAMAGED CAR, WITH A BROKEN TREE FALLEN ACROSS THE BONNET, NEAR DOLO. News was received by wireless at Addis Ababa, on December 31 last, that the Swedish Red Cross unit, attached to Ras Desta's army, had been destroyed by Italian bombers, on the previous morning, at a point some twenty miles from Dolo, on the banks of the River Canale-Doria. Another message to the Swedish Consul at Addis Ababa stated that the leader of the unit, Dr. Hylander, had been

[Continued on right]



AFTER THE AIR RAID IN WHICH DR. LUNDSTROM, ONE OF THE SWEDISH STAFF, WAS KILLED, WITH MANY ABYSSINIANS: INSIDE THE BOMBED AMBULANCE CAR. severely wounded, and asked for a Red Cross aeroplane to bring him away. Later it was announced that Dr. Lundstrom, one of the Swedish medical men with the ambulance, had died of his wounds. Dr. Hylander was afterwards reported to have said: "I was in the operating theatre when a perfect tornado of bombs and machine-gun bullets suddenly rained down on us." The total number of deaths in this raid was given as 50, including two Swedes and 48 Abyssinians.



IN THE TEMBIEN RÉGION, WHERE ABYSSINIA RECENTLY CLAIMED A VICTORY: ONE OF MANY STONE FORTS BUILT BY THE ITALIANS IN THAT COUNTRY, FLYING THE ITALIAN FLAG. It was reported from Addis Ababa, on February 2, that the ten days' fighting which began with the Italian attack in Tembien on January 19 had ended in victory for the Abyssinians, according to a communiqué written by the Emperor. "Our soldiers," he stated, "brought back 29 guns, 175 machine-guns, 2654 rifles, convoys of ammunition, mules, and many prisoners. The battle has just terminated with the success of our arms—the first great battle since the beginning of the war."



SHOWING THE PARAPET MANNED BY ITALIAN TROOPS, WITH RIFLES AND A MACHINE-GUN, IN READINESS AGAINST ATTACK: THE INTERIOR OF THE FORT. Commenting on the reports, Major-General A. C. Temperley wrote (in the "Daily Telegraph"): "The Abyssinian version of the Tembien battle differs markedly from the Italian one . . . but there are implied admissions on the Italian side. . . . They admit 743 casualties and the loss of 3 field-guns and 10 machine-guns. . . . What is of great tactical importance is that the Italians have definitely lost the Tembien area, and this makes the Italian hold on the Makale salient almost precarious."



EGYPTIAN SCHOOLBOYS AND STUDENTS THROWING STONES AND TURNING A HOSE UPON THE POLICE: A JUVENILE FORM OF POLITICAL DEMONSTRATION IN FAVOUR OF THE EXTREME NATIONALISM OF THE WAUD.

In a message from Cairo on January 27 it was stated that demonstrations by students had again begun, following a deadlock in the political situation, and that students of about twenty schools in Cairo and several in the provinces had declared a strike. In Cairo one school was set on fire. The young rioters raised cheers for Nahas Pasha, the leader of the Waud party of extreme



THE OBJECTIVE OF SCHOOLBOY MISSILES: EGYPTIAN POLICE, WITH HELMETS, SHIELDS, AND STICKS, DRENCHED WITH WATER FROM A HOSE AT A CAIRO SCHOOL, AND PELTED WITH STONES. (STREWN ON THE ROAD).

nationalists. On the 29th there was further disorder in Cairo, at the Government Theological Training College, and a two-hour fight ensued, during which the students pelted the police with stones and brickbats and the police replied with shot-guns. It was stated that sixty students were treated for minor wounds, while one police officer and four policemen were injured

THE "UNOFFICIAL" STRIKE AT SMITHFIELD MARKET: 8,000,000 AFFECTED.



AFTER SHOPMEN HAD DECLARED A STRIKE AT THE CENTRAL MEAT MARKET, SMITHFIELD, AND OTHER EMPLOYEES HAD WITHDRAWN THEIR LABOUR IN SYMPATHY, OR HAD NO WORK TO DO: LEADERS, STANDING ON A HORSELESS MEAT-VAN, EXPLAINING WHAT HAD OCCURRED AT A MEETING OF EMPLOYERS.



TYPES OF THE 10,000 SMITHFIELD EMPLOYEES AFFECTED: MEN WHOSE CESSION OF WORK MEANT PERIL TO THE MEAT SUPPLIES OF THE METROPOLITAN POLICE DISTRICT OF LONDON, THE CONSUMERS IN WHICH NUMBER OVER 8,000,000.

An "unofficial" strike began at the Central Meat Market, Smithfield, at midnight on Sunday, February 2. It was declared by some three thousand shopmen, who cut, weigh, and serve the meat. As a result, about seven thousand other workers in the markets were affected—in some cases because their jobs ceased automatically; in others because labour was withdrawn as an act of sympathy. Pickets prevented meat entering the market, which is the greatest meat-distributing centre in the

country and caters for over eight million consumers in the Metropolitan Police District of London, supplying nearly 500,000 tons of meat annually. At a mass meeting on the Monday, after there had been much activity by the parties concerned and by the Ministry of Labour, the strikers rejected the advice of their leaders to return to work while awaiting news of the further negotiations with the employers. On the Tuesday certain wharves at which meat is handled closed down.

Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.

THE key to Phyllis Bentley's historical novel, "Freedom, Farewell!", is given in an extract from Mommsen. "The history of past centuries ought to be the instructress of the present. . . . In this sense the history of Caesar and Roman Imperialism is in truth a more bitter censure of modern autocracy than could be written by the hand of man." Miss Bentley has taken infinite pains with her analysis of Julius Caesar in progress towards dictatorship. It is rich in imaginative detail, and the colour and motion of the pageant of ancient Rome accompanying it are brilliant.

The book opens with the young Caesar, "the slight young man with the pale skin," making his way through the mountains in flight to Brutus's villa, where Servilia entertains him. He had outwitted the centurion's detachment sent to capture him. He was sensible of the tang of adventure, and his supple intelligence had measured the mentality of his opponents. His genius was already mature. The action gathers momentum as it drives forward. The period of the Civil Wars is particularly well handled. The Republic was too small for Caesar, reflected Brutus, thinking upon the final tragedy; in trying to make it he broke it. With this passage the portrait of the Dictator is complete. Its background is the throng of notable figures, and the surging masses of the people over whose obscure lives an arrogant man had trampled to his rise and fall.

"Out For a Million," by V. Krymov, translated by Malcolm Burr, can also be reckoned a historical novel, in that though the individuals may be fictitious, the types are actual. It is full of humour, a frank, cathartic humour that laughs at the greed and folly of the old order. Arseny, the man of the merchant class who was out for a million, was not without misgivings about the future. If the workers came one day to realise another kind of life was possible, what would become of his millions then? But so far as he is taken here, there is nothing of that. We shall have to curb our impatience for the further volumes, not yet translated, that carry him to St. Petersburg and the beginning of the Revolution. The chapters in which a rascally contractor and his associates are cheating the Government are extraordinarily vivid. A Russian writing of Russians, for Russians, Krymov breaks ground that is fresh to English readers and should be explored to their delight and advantage.

While one is on the subject of rogues and fools, here is "Agents and Patients," by Anthony Powell, the brightest study of the English brand that anyone on the look-out for diversion could hope to meet. Mr. Powell is one of the wittiest of our younger novelists. He has created something original and superbly entertaining out of the hawks and the pigeons—the agents and the patients, as (unexpectedly drawing on Wesley's sermons) he distinguishes them. The victim was Blore-Smith, a rich young man with an inferiority complex, and the confederates were Chipchase and Maitravers, who lived on the fringes of journalism and art and were just feeling the effects of the trade depression when he appeared on their horizon. They did not lose a minute. There was never a pigeon more swiftly and neatly plucked.

"Hester and Her Family," by H. W. Freeman, is a fine, broadly constructed story of rural England and the rural folk who are perhaps the most acutely alive of any in our civilisation. The Arburns were drovers, one generation after another. The road is no school of morals or manners, and they helped themselves freely to such animal pleasures as they found along it. Hester's mother was abducted from a farm by Ned Arburn as impudently as he would have filched an apple from the orchard. Nine months later, at Bury, finding she hampered his droving, he left her behind to bear his child and die. His vigour and her staunchness were blended in Hester, and transmitted to her daughter and granddaughter. And lest you should think it is only the English breed that Mr. Freeman can draw to the life, and the sweet English scene he can reproduce with so much felicity, "Hester and Her Family" winds up in Italy. The Florentine setting and the Italian intimates of Jenny, who had blossomed like a rose on the Arburn stem, are as delightful as anything in the book.

D. J. Hall, who relates the experiences of an Englishman in contact with Rumanian peasants in "No Retreat," has a similar gift for depicting primitive people. Stephen Rait went to Rumania as assistant-manager in a new oil-field. The discovery of the oil had stirred the peasants into a ferment of intrigue and cupidity. These were the baser reactions to the advent of industrialism, with Communist agitation fishing in the troubled waters. Rait was to discover a nobler spirit in Anita, a girl who charmed others besides himself, and in the incorruptible Petre, to

whom gold was dross compared with the springing crops. Mr. Hall has written this, his first novel, with the insight and distinction that characterised his preceding book, "Rumanian Furrow."

The next two novels come from authors who appear to have mastered their difficult art without apprenticeship. That they have arrived simultaneously is something of a coincidence. In each book a psychological problem of the relations of husband and wife is resolved in the

suffered and Romelio came and went at his will, pitting himself against her goodness and spiritual beauty. He killed her, and dishonoured her name in death, but the bitterness of defeat was his, not hers. This is a most moving and beautiful book.

As the journey to Coolami has been mapped out for them by Miss Dark, her young people, even with a great shadow darkening their memories, had every reason to respond to its appeal. It opened the way of escape for them by the glitter of the Australian landscape—they were Australian-born—the glimmer of wattle, the blue that drowned the valleys in a light of living colour, and then the adventure of the night. The melodious name of their destination and its native meaning drew them together, too; Coolami, "the birthplace of heroes." There is the spirit of the true romance in "Return to Coolami," and it is an admirable novel.

"They Seldom Speak," by Leland Hall, follows the fortunes of small farmers in an American community scattered over a tract of deforested land. They lived in a narrow groove. For the men, no matter what had been done, more remained to do on the morrow; and for the women, for ever the children, the care of the sick, and the house-work. Individuality, says Mr. Hall, hardly asserted itself beyond differences in temperament, and these differences set no social scale. Out of such homely material he has constructed a view of the plain American that is many-sided and has a gripping interest. The depths of feeling in an inarticulate people come to light in "They Seldom Speak."

"Tyrant Fevers," by Loveday Prior, goes a very short way below the surface. Old Tom Kennedy and his vulgar wife and daughter make the appropriate gestures. Noll, the son and brother who had been educated to be a gentleman, is an enigma, because one is left in doubt as to whether Miss Prior thinks the attempt has been successful or not. The banality of his courtships is dreadful. The best part of the book is the opening chapter, where a car accident is really well described.

"Once We Had a Child" is too complex and, in its German way, too closely packed to be adequately reviewed in a short paragraph. We do not believe it will appeal to English people, however eager they may be to read the successor to "He Who Once Eats Out of the Tin Bowl." Hans Fallada has gone to Rügen for his strange wild folk; perhaps it is unnecessary to say his Rügen is utterly unlike Elizabeth's. The ancient Gängschow family were farmers who traced their descent to a heathen who was immolated on the tribal stone of sacrifice as a propitiatory offering to the new god of the invading Christians. Coming down to the present time by way of an ancestry never completely civilised and with more than a suspicion of madness in it, we arrive at Johannes, a splendid specimen of a man grievously handicapped by his heredity. There are snatches of beauty in "Once We Had a Child," but it is a sombre, and in places a terrible, book.

It remains to recommend three detective stories. G. D. H. and M. Cole are a shade below their best form in "Scandal at School." A too-facetious style is growing on them, which would not matter much if it did not have the effect of making everybody talk alike. The scandal is murder, no less. Little girls should not be murdered, speaking generally; but this is such a thoroughly nasty little girl that one's sympathies incline to the murderer, who, alas! was nasty too. Agatha Christie has routed M. Poirot out of his comfortable retirement once again to excellent purpose, and in "The A.B.C. Murders" she and he are as active and ingenious as ever. Philo Vance's megalomania has increased in "The Garden Murder Case," which is less his fault than S. S. Van Dine's, whose admiration for him knows no limits. The garden murder is indeed terrible and in many ways incredible, as Mr. Van Dine remarks.

BOOKS REVIEWED

- Freedom, Farewell!* By Phyllis Bentley. (Gollancz; 8s. 6d.)
- Out For a Million.* By V. Krymov. (Allen and Unwin; 7s. 6d.)
- Agents and Patients.* By Anthony Powell. (Duckworth; 7s. 6d.)
- Hester and Her Family.* By H. W. Freeman. (Challo and Windus; 8s. 6d.)
- No Retreat.* By D. J. Hall. (Harrap; 7s. 6d.)
- Magdalena.* By Helen Douglas Irvine. (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.)
- Return to Coolami.* By Eleanor Dark. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)
- They Seldom Speak.* By Leland Hall. (Cresset Press; 7s. 6d.)
- Tyrant Fevers.* By Loveday Prior. (Davies; 7s. 6d.)
- Once We Had a Child.* By Hans Fallada. (Putnam; 7s. 6d.)
- Scandal at School.* By G. D. H. and M. Cole. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)
- The A.B.C. Murders.* By Agatha Christie. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)
- The Garden Murder Case.* By S. S. Van Dine. (Cassell; 7s. 6d.)



"WHAT I SAW IN ST. JAMES'S PARK LAST SPRING."

"FOUR FISHERMEN."



"SPRING TIME."

"GEES RETURN AT NIGHTFALL IN AUTUMN."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHINESE EYE": PAINTINGS BY MR. CHIANG YEE
ON EXHIBITION IN LONDON.

The pictures reproduced on this page are the work of a distinguished modern Chinese artist, Mr. Chiang Yee. It was he who wrote "The Chinese Eye: An Interpretation of Chinese Painting"—a book which many visitors to Burlington House have found specially interesting and helpful. These pictures have never been reproduced before. They are included in a current exhibition of Chinese pictures and fans by Chiang Yee, together with a collection of ancient Chinese fans, held daily from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. until February 15 at 25, Knightsbridge, S.W.1. Those interested in Chinese art should pay the exhibition a visit.

course of a journey. Eleanor Dark's "Return to Coolami" covers the time it takes to drive from Sydney to the Blue Mountains. The history of Helen Douglas Irvine's Magdalena is related by a group of passengers who are travelling in a liner from Europe to South America.

"Magdalena" is a saint's tragedy. It was a scandal for years in the intimate circle of a Spanish-American society, Catholic, closely related, and rigidly conventional. Magdalena had not been long out of the convent school when she eloped with Romelio Escobel. He took her to La Soledad, the old house he was to desecrate years after in the frenzy of his wickedness. La Soledad leaps to the eye, standing within sound of the river and sight of the barren, shadowy slopes of the Andes. There Magdalena lived and

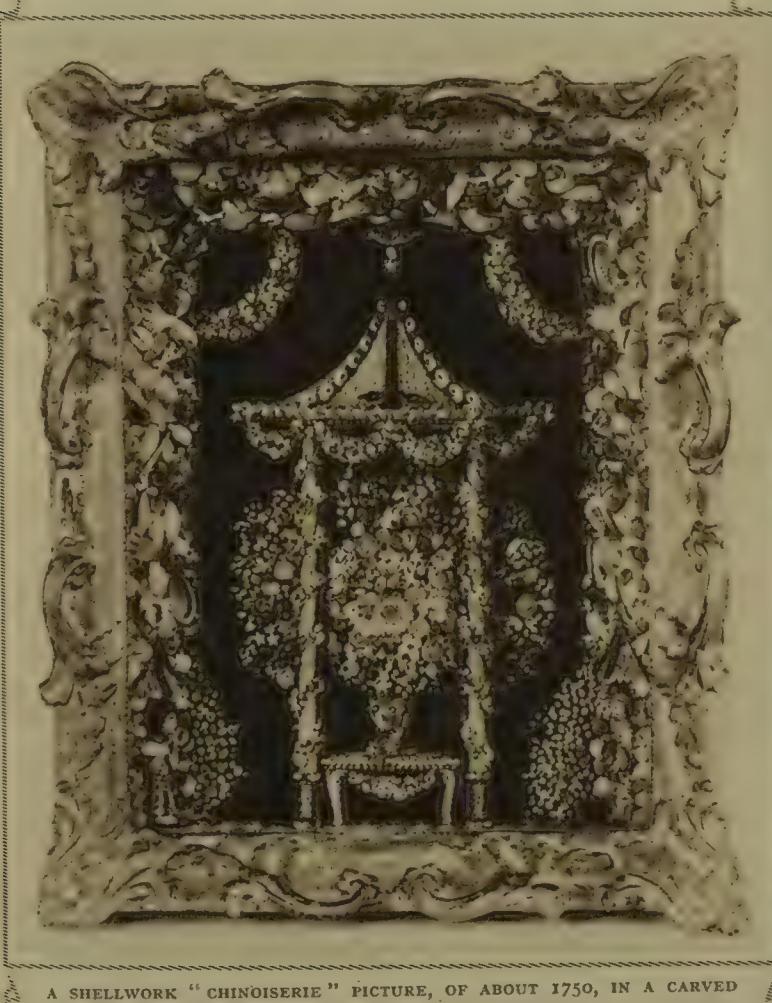
GIFTS FROM QUEEN MARY IN THE OCTAGON COURT:
ORNAMENTS REARRANGED IN THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.



ONE OF QUEEN MARY'S GIFTS TO THE MUSEUM: AN ENGLISH TRIPOD TABLE OF WOOD, WITH OCTAGONAL TOP; THE WHOLE SURFACE DECORATED WITH MARQUETRY OF COLOURED STRAW-WORK.



AN EXAMPLE OF THE DECORATIVE WORKS OF ART PRESENTED BY QUEEN MARY; NOW TAKING ITS SUITABLE PLACE IN THE OCTAGON COURT: AN OCTAGONAL SHELLWORK ORNAMENT FOR WALL DECORATION IN A MAHOGANY FRAME—ENGLISH WORK OF ABOUT 1800.



A SHELLWORK "CHINOISERIE" PICTURE, OF ABOUT 1750, IN A CARVED AND GILT ROCOCO FRAME: AN ELABORATE BOUQUET OF FLOWERS BUILT UP OF MINUTE SHELLS, BENEATH A SHELLWORK CANOPY.

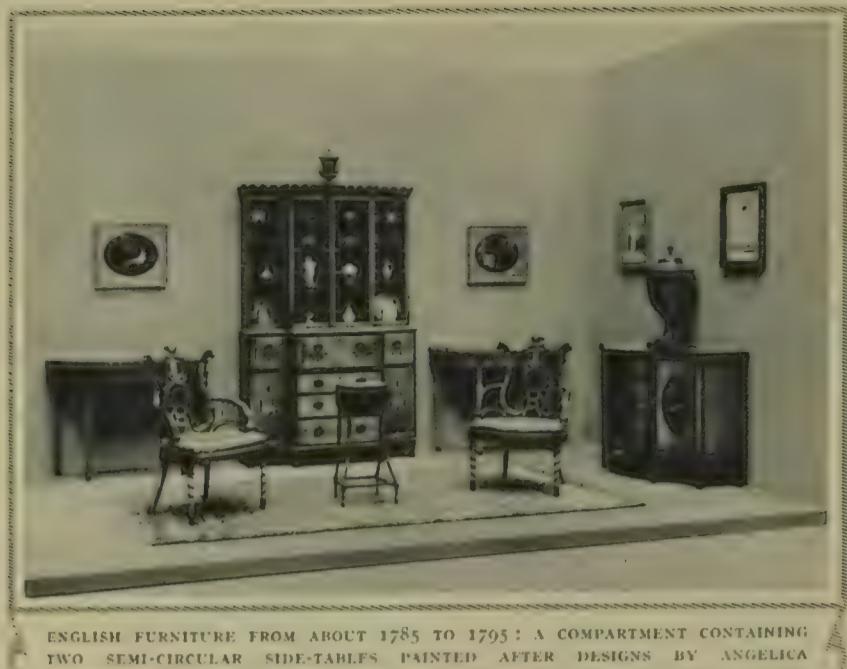


A PAIR OF SHELLWORK ORNAMENTS, REPRESENTING BOUQUETS OF FLOWERS IN VASES; THE WHOLE CONSTRUCTED OF MANY THOUSANDS OF SEA SHELLS: ORNAMENTS PURCHASED BY QUEEN MARY AT SHANKLIN, ISLE OF WIGHT, AND GIVEN BY HER TO THE MUSEUM.

The new arrangement of the Octagon Court (formerly the Loan Court) at the Victoria and Albert Museum is illustrated and described on the two following pages. Here we show decorative pieces that have been presented to the Museum for the English furniture collections, from time to time, by Queen Mary. These have now been placed, each in its appropriate setting, in the newly arranged Court, the beauty of which they do much to enhance. They are all, in their respective periods, the best examples of their kind. They represent, of course, only a selection of the many

decorative works of art that Queen Mary has given to the Museum during the last twenty-five years. The shell ornaments shown in the lower right-hand photograph are now placed in the Regency Bay (illustrated overleaf), upon a marble mantelpiece from the demolished part of Carlton House Terrace. The lower left-hand photograph shows a truly remarkable "chinoiserie" picture. Beneath a shellwork pagoda-like canopy is a bouquet of flowers built up of the minutest shells. The floor is of mosaic pattern and the borders are of gaily coloured shells and pieces of coral.

THE RE-OPENING OF THE OCTAGON COURT OF THE V. AND A. MUSEUM: DECORATIVE ARTS, 1740—1830.



ENGLISH FURNITURE FROM ABOUT 1785 TO 1795: A COMPARTMENT CONTAINING TWO SEMI-CIRCULAR SIDE-TABLES PAINTED AFTER DESIGNS BY ANGELICA KAUFFMANN; WITH CLASSICAL SUBJECTS FROM HER HAND ABOVE THEM.

THE Octagon Court (formerly the Loan Court) at the Victoria and Albert Museum has been entirely re-arranged and was recently opened anew to the public. It now contains English furniture dating from about 1740 to 1830, together with contemporary paintings, sculpture, metal-work, china and glass, from the Museum Collections. Among the objects included are the gifts to the Museum from her Majesty which are illustrated on the preceding page. The Court now provides a

[Continued below.]



THE REGENCY BAY, WITH FURNITURE OF ABOUT 1800 TO 1830: A MARBLE MANTELPIECE FROM CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE, WITH SHELL ORNAMENTS PRESENTED BY QUEEN MARY UPON IT; AN UPRIGHT GRAND PIANO MADE FOR THE PRINCE REGENT; AND A GLASS CHANDELIER FROM WROXTON ABBEY.



ENGLISH FURNITURE FROM ABOUT 1770 TO 1780 IN THE OCTAGON COURT: A COMPARTMENT CONTAINING FURNITURE IN THE ADAM-HEPPELWHITE STYLE, IN MAHOGANY, WITH CONTEMPORARY ORNAMENTS AND PICTURES.



ENGLISH FURNITURE FROM ABOUT 1740 TO 1760: WITH CHINESE FURNITURE MADE FOR THE ENGLISH MARKET; AND PANELS OF CHINESE WALLPAPER PAINTED WITH MAGNOLIAS AND MAGPIES ON A BRIGHT BLUE GROUND.

the various pieces are seen as nearly as possible in the conditions their designers intended. The arrangement follows a chronological sequence, starting from the south entrance. Four of the groups are arranged in the domed bays of the Court, and the others before screens placed so as to give the spectator the illusion of looking into the corner of some room of the Georgian period. Concerning the contents of the Regency Bay (upper right-hand photograph), we should add that the upright grand piano in ebony and gold in the Gothic style, made for the Prince Regent at Carlton House, was lent by his late Majesty King George.



ENGLISH FURNITURE FROM ABOUT 1755 TO 1765: A MAHOGANY ORGAN CASE BY THOMAS CHIPPENDALE FROM TROWBRIDGE, WILTS; AND CLASSICAL BUSTS BY JOSIAH WEDGWOOD ON THE CARVED GILT PEDESTALS.



ENGLISH FURNITURE FROM ABOUT 1785 TO 1795—FURTHER EXAMPLES OF THE PERIOD ILLUSTRATED IN THE UPPER LEFT-HAND PHOTOGRAPH: FINE PAINTED AND INLAID SATINWOOD FURNITURE, WITH APPROPRIATE ORNAMENTS.

most attractive and varied survey of English decorative arts starting from the middle of George the Second's reign, with the rise of the rococo taste, extending through the classical revival under George III., passing through the Regency, and ending with the death of George IV. in 1830. The method adopted has been to exhibit sixteen groups of furniture, each in combination with its contemporary arts, so that

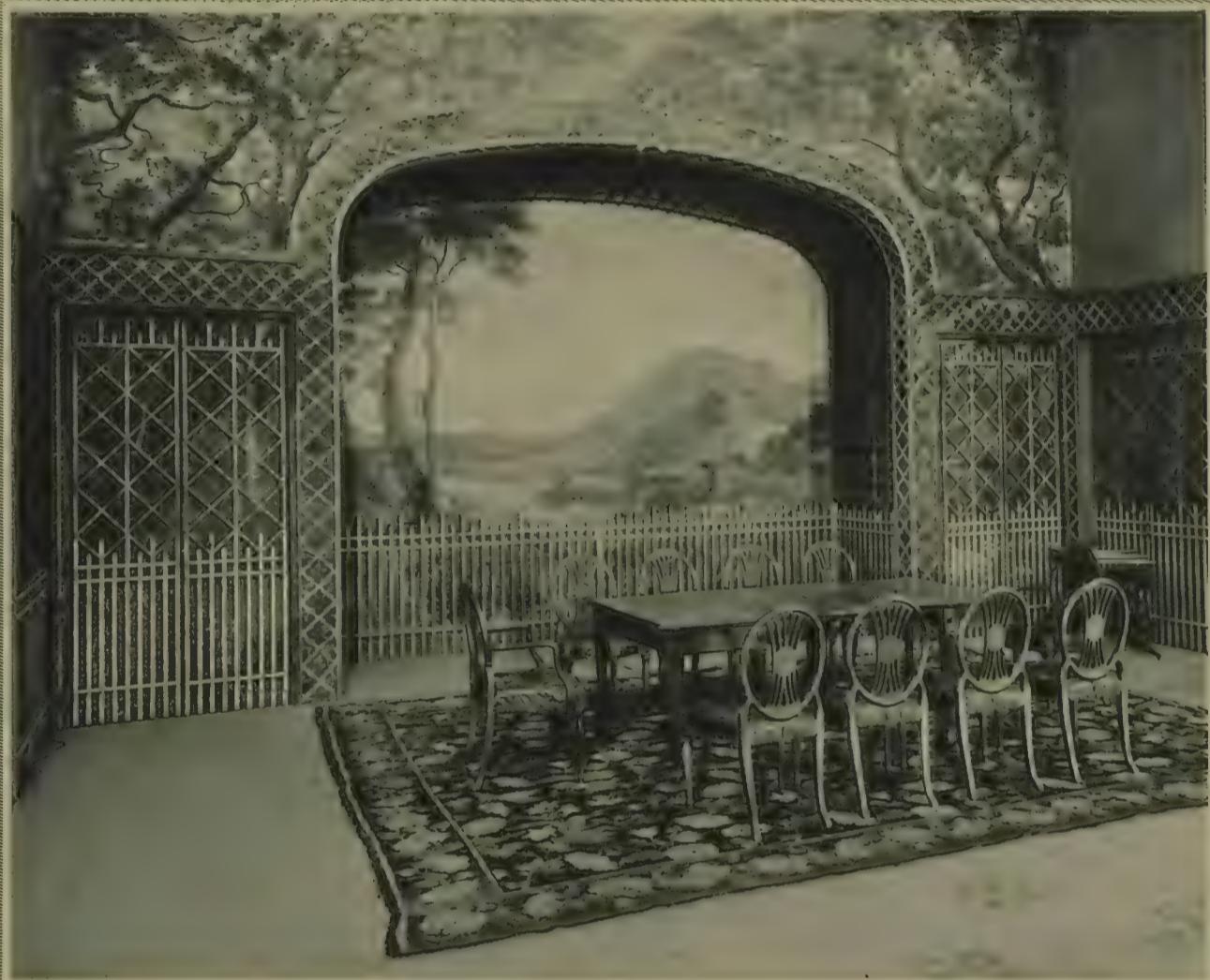
[Continued above on right.]

A PAINTED DINING-ROOM AS AN EXHIBIT, WITH ENGLISH FURNITURE, AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT.



ENGLISH FURNITURE OF ABOUT 1740 TO 1760: A COMPARTMENT WHICH CONTAINS A FINE CARVED STONE MANTELPIECE FROM SHREWSBURY FITTED WITH A PIERCED AND ENGRAVED STEEL GRATE; AND MAHOGANY FURNITURE OF THE STYLE AND PERIOD OF THOMAS CHIPPENDALE.

PERHAPS the most notable exhibit in the rearranged Octagon Court at the Victoria and Albert Museum is a fragment, about 25 ft. across by 22 ft. high, of the painted dining-room at Drakelow Hall, near Burton-on-Trent. This old mansion was for several centuries the seat of the Gresley family and was demolished in 1934. The walls of its dining-room were decorated for Sir Nigel Gresley, Bt., in 1793 with landscapes and foliage by Paul Sandby, R.A. (1725-1809), the well-known painter in water-colours. Very few examples of such decoration are known. The landscapes were painted direct on to the plaster of the walls and rose to the coved ceiling which formed the sky. At one end of the room, however, was this small alcove containing on its wall a mountain scene with a view of the River Trent signed by Sandby and dated 1793. It constituted a separate design from that on the larger walls. It was not possible to preserve the entire room; but the end wall, containing the alcove, consisted mostly of lath and plaster. With great difficulty it was taken down in ten sections by the Museum staff, brought on lorries to London, and set up in the Octagon Court at the Museum.



THE MOST NOTABLE OF THE EXHIBITS IN THE OCTAGON COURT: THE DRAKLOWE ROOM—AN ALCOVE FORMERLY PART OF THE DINING-ROOM AT DRAKLOWE, DERBYSHIRE, PAINTED WITH LANDSCAPES BY PAUL SANDBY, R.A., AND DATED 1793.



ENGLISH FURNITURE OF ABOUT 1770 TO 1785: A MARBLE MANTELPIECE BY ROBERT ADAM FROM THE LATE PRINCESS ROYAL'S HOUSE, 15, PORTMAN SQUARE, FITTED WITH AN ELABORATE CUT AND ENGRAVED STEEL GRATE IN THE ADAM STYLE; AND ABOVE IT A LANDSCAPE BY RICHARD WILSON.



ENGLISH FURNITURE OF ABOUT 1750 TO 1760: A COMPARTMENT INCLUDING A CARVED WOOD AND MARBLE MANTELPIECE, A FINE NEEDLEWORK POLE SCREEN, AND, ON THE MARBLE-TOPPED SIDE-TABLE, A SOUP TUREEN IN COLOURED CHINESE PORCELAIN IN THE FORM OF A DUCK.



ENGLISH FURNITURE FROM ABOUT 1770 TO 1795: A WHITE MARBLE MANTELPIECE INLAID WITH COLOURED SCAGLIOLA BY PETER BOSSI, OF DUBLIN; WITH TWO, WEDGWOOD VASES UPON IT; AND, ABOVE, A PASTEL PORTRAIT BY WILLIAM RUSSELL, R.A.; THE FURNITURE PAINTED AND INLAID SATINWOOD.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

EVEREST-CLIMBING plans and Antarctic adventures recently turned my thoughts towards "thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice," or the eternal snows of the high mountain tops, and to these localities I am carried in imagination by several new books of exploration and travel. In such works, besides picturesque description and exciting incidents, I like an element of philosophical reflection and religious feeling. This quality is found in full measure (along with the others above-mentioned) in a book by a famous Everest climber who, I believe, also has to his credit the highest peak hitherto ascended. The book in question is "*THE SPIRIT OF THE HILLS*." By F. S. Smythe. With thirty-six Photographs by the Author (Hodder and Stoughton; 20s.). The opening chapters suggest an autobiography, but after the end of the author's school-days, the story develops on different lines, disregarding chronology and turning rather into descriptive essays on various phases of mountaineering, interspersed with reminiscences of climbing in the Alps and the Himalayas, as well as on the "hills of home" in Lakeland or in Wales. Mr. Smythe's early love of mountains was due to his upbringing. As a boy of seven he was sent for his health to Switzerland, and there he ascended his first mountain, Mont Cray (6000 ft.), near Château d'Oex. Later he returned to England, went to school, and spent his first summer holidays (in August 1914) in Cornwall. "It was at Tintagel," he writes, "that I indulged in my first rock climb."

Discussing the ethics of fear and courage as applied to climbing, the author declares that fear can never be eliminated from mountaineering, but it should be under control and never deliberately sought, for the sake of sensation, by taking undue risks. "Never was a more absurd slogan foisted on the world," he says, "than 'live dangerously!'" At this point he presupposes an objection—"What about Everest?" To this he replies: "Climbing on Everest can be exacting, unpleasant, and even dangerous work, but, unless memory tricks me, I can recall a feeling of satisfaction, a grim, physical and mental exhilaration, such as a man might get who was shot in a projectile to the moon. . . . Everest is an adventure, but an adventure can be justifiable and remain an adventure without jettisoning security." In short, the justification of climbing is the happiness it brings. Mr. Smythe dislikes the popular habit of regarding the important climbs as stunts or records, or international competitions.

Communion with the great mountains lifts a man's mind above pettiness and contention. Mr. Smythe climbs in a spirit of reverence and of faith in an ultimate Love that governs human things. In one intensely dramatic revelation of his feelings when he slipped from a precipice and believed that his end had come, he declares that he felt only a sense of exaltation and power, and hence he *knows* that a fatal fall from the heights involves no fear. He would prefer such a doom to a violent death in battle at the hands of his fellows (thus recalling David's words: "Let me fall now into the hand of the Lord, for very great are his mercies, but let me not fall into the hand of man"). In fact, he loses no opportunity of expressing his hatred of war. This book of his, with its glowing devotion to the grandeur of nature, its far vision, its humour and sympathy, deserves to rank, I think, among the classics of mountaineering literature. The photographs of mountain scenery and climbing incidents are some of the finest of their kind that I have seen.

Mr. Smythe deprecates an approach to the great mountain peaks in a conquering spirit, which, he declares, means inevitable failure. This criticism, however, is weakened by the success of an American expedition recorded in "*MEN AGAINST THE CLOUDS*." The Conquest of Minya Konka. By Richard L. Burdsall and Arthur B. Emmons. With Contributions by Terrell Moore and Jack Theodore Young. Forty-seven Illustrations and eight Maps and Charts (Lane; 12s. 6d.). I think myself that the use of the word "conquest" is merely a metaphor, commonly applied to any struggle with elemental forces, and need

not imply the "vanity" and "egotism" which Mr. Smythe associates with the term. Certainly I find no trace of boasting or hostility to nature in this vivid and stirring narrative of a great climb on the border of China and Tibet.

The story is told in plain straightforward style. Summing up results, Mr. Emmons writes: "Our three objectives had been accomplished. The mighty Konka had gone down in noble defeat—the second highest mountain in the world whose summit has been reached. . . . We had learned the value of team work. If friendship and faith in a fellow-man were ever put to the test, it was here—and we emerged from a wonderful adventure, friends for life. And so we come to the end of our tale. Minya Konka still reigns in majesty, alone and indescribably beautiful, over that remote land." Here is no contempt for a vanquished foe. The mountain's height was calculated at 24,900 ft. "This altitude," writes Mr. Burdsall, "is not equalled on any other continent, the nearest approach being Aconcagua (22,834 ft.) in South America. Minya Konka is surpassed, however, by many mountains in the central ranges of Asia. The only one of these whose summit had been reached is Kamet (25,447 ft.), which was climbed in June 1931, by six members of the British Himalayan Expedition headed by Frank S. Smythe. Although this is the highest mountain that had been conquered, greater elevations had been attained on Mount Everest and Kanchenjunga."

But many years later, he wrote the following: "In the very near future the biting air above both Poles will be stirred by whirring aeroplane propellers, and, when that time comes, the inner polar regions will quickly yield their last secrets."

Peary's fame as an explorer has eclipsed his subsequent work as one of the early promoters of aviation. Combating prejudice against it, about the year 1912, he travelled all over the States prophesying its great future. He was appointed Chairman of the National Aerial Coast Patrol Commission. "On 6th April 1917," his daughter writes, "the eighth anniversary of the discovery of the North Pole, the United States entered the war, and my father's activities were trebled."

Explaining her book's title, Mrs. Stafford (as she became in 1917) tells us that her birthplace, in North Greenland, was "further north than that of any other white person," and the unique phenomenon of a white baby attracted an Eskimo pilgrimage. "With one accord," she writes, "the Eskimos called me 'Ah-poo Mickaninny,' which, translated, means 'Snow Baby.' My middle name, Ahnighito (pronounced Ah-ni-ghé-toe), is the name of the Eskimo woman who made my first suit of fur clothing." The Eskimos of North Greenland, among whom Peary lived for many years, greatly beloved, figure prominently in Mrs. Stafford's story. When, in 1932, twelve years after her father's death, she went with her sons to Cape York to build in his memory a monument that should be a beacon to ships and aeroplanes, Eskimos flocked to aid in the work, indignantly refusing payment. Those who knew him had passed on to their sons and grandsons "the story of Peary-oksah," great Peary of the iron will, who never made a promise that he did not keep, and never asked a man to do something that he was afraid to do himself."

Peary's prediction as to the use of aircraft in Polar exploration has been abundantly fulfilled. A recent example is recorded in a notable book briefly mentioned here in a recent issue—namely, "*WITH PLANE, BOAT AND CAMERA IN GREENLAND*." An account of the Universal Dr. Fanck Greenland Expedition. By Ernst Sorge. With over 200 Illustrations (Hurst and Blackett; 18s.). The word "Universal" in the sub-title is the name of a German film company, for which Dr. Arnold Fanck produced an Arctic picture called "S.O.S. Iceberg." This volume describes the filming work and the scientific study of the fiords and glaciers. Dr. Sorge, expert adviser to Dr. Fanck, had previously accompanied the late Alfred Wegener, a well-known explorer, who lost his life in the Arctic. The abundant illustrations comprise beautiful photographs of Arctic scenery, incidents of the including Eskimo people. The book makes good reading and there are many thrilling and dramatic events, notably the rescue of the author, after he had been lost for some days, by the help of an aeroplane. Other interesting scenes were the activities of a polar bear and the splitting and overturning of a huge iceberg.

expedition, and personalities, including Eskimo people. The book makes good reading and there are many thrilling and dramatic events, notably the rescue of the author, after he had been lost for some days, by the help of an aeroplane. Other interesting scenes were the activities of a polar bear and the splitting and overturning of a huge iceberg.

Few of the old pioneers can have foreseen that exploring would become almost a recognised part of education at our public schools and Universities, that is, of course, as a holiday pursuit. One of the latest expeditions of this type is entertainingly recorded in "*PUBLIC SCHOOL EXPLORERS IN NEWFOUNDLAND*." By Dennis Clarke. Introduction by Surgeon-Commander G. Murray Levick, R.N. (the leader) and 53 Illustrations (Putnam; 10s. 6d.). Appendices give the interesting results obtained in various branches of science. The author, who was the expedition's historian, is the son of that well-known journalist, Mr. Tom Clarke. We must not perhaps take him too seriously when he tends to make light of the expedition's scientific side. "We were going really, I soon found, for what I shall for want of a better expression call the fun of the thing. . . . Science, it became apparent to me, is to explorers what Christmas is to the Old Kent Road: an excuse for a party. But neither will admit it." Anyhow, there is plenty of fun for the reader.

C. E. B.



"HADLEIGH CASTLE"; BY JOHN CONSTABLE: A MASTERPIECE OF THE GREAT ENGLISH LANDSCAPE PAINTER ACQUIRED BY THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

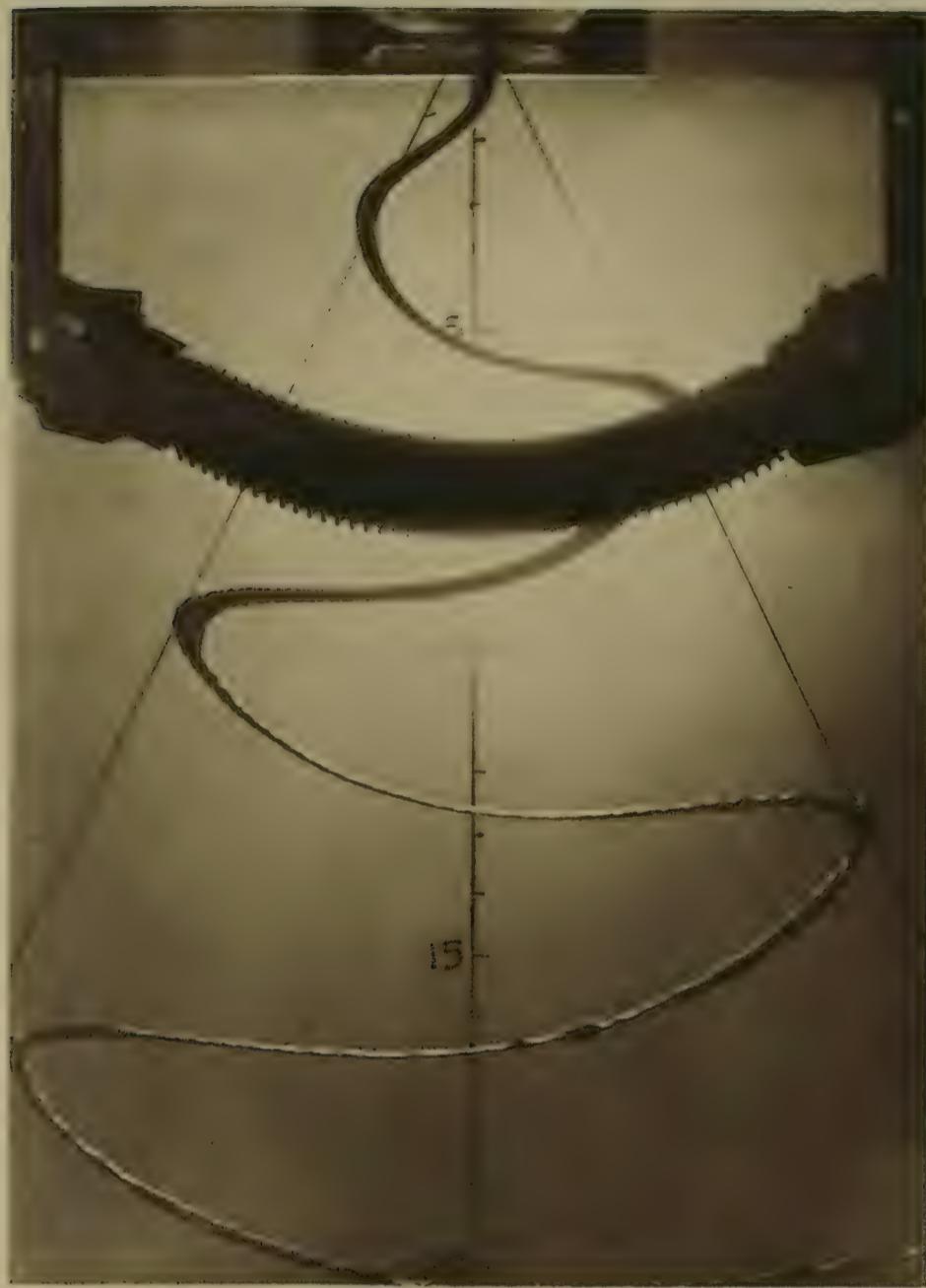
This famous painting by Constable was purchased recently by the National Gallery. It will be exhibited in Room XXII, from to-day, February 8. It was painted in 1829, the year in which the artist was elevated to the rank of full Academician, at the age of fifty-three. It was shown in that year at the British Institution, with the title: "Hadleigh Castle. The mouth of the Thames—morning, after a stormy night." David Lucas engraved the picture for Constable's "*English Landscapes*"; and for long it was only known through this plate, which considerably misrepresents it. The painting was unsold during Constable's lifetime. Of all his exhibited pictures it is the freest and most audacious in handling. Others which are painted with a similar daring were not sent to the Academy, but were used as the basis for replicas in a more finished style. The National Gallery already owns a number of these more academic works, such as the "*Haywain*" and the "*Cornfield*"; but hitherto it has had no important example of Constable's painting in the manner which was most suited to his genius and was his most original contribution to the history of painting.

summit of Minya Konka was reached by Burdsall and Moore; the latter writes: "Flag-waving was certainly not one of the purposes of our expedition, yet, since this was the highest point of land which Americans had ever reached, we flew the American flag for a few brief seconds from my inverted ice-axe. . . . The same courtesy was shown the Chinese emblem because of many kindnesses."

Flags on Himalayan tent-poles are regarded by Mr. Smythe as "pitiful and absurd symbols of nationalism," and he remarks with disapproval that after a British success on Everest it would probably be said: "We have lost the Poles, but we have gained the highest summit in the world." This brings me to a charming autobiography by the daughter of the famous American explorer who first reached the North Pole, Rear-Admiral Robert E. Peary of the U.S. Navy. It is entitled "*SNOW BABY*." By Marie Ahnighito Peary. With eight Illustrations and a Map (Routledge; 6s.) The author has naturally much to tell us about her father's adventures. The most interesting of these passages, of course, is that describing the attainment of his lifelong ambition. "On April 6th, 1909," we read, "the little party reached the North Pole. . . . This accomplished, the American flag was planted on a prominent pinnacle of ice. . . . It was hard to get Dad to talk much about his feelings when he reached the Pole.

MERCURY JET-WAVES PHOTOGRAPHED IN 1/100,000TH PART OF A SECOND:

AMAZING RECORDS OF A PRINCIPLE USED FOR TRANSFORMING A.C. INTO D.C.



(LEFT). A MERCURY "JET-WAVE" PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE LIGHT OF AN ELECTRIC SPARK IN ONE 100,000TH PART OF A SECOND. THE SHIFTING OF THE WAVE-LIKE TRACKS OF THE FALLING MERCURY JET IS CONTROLLED BY ELECTROMAGNETIC ACTION, WHICH SHIFTS THE JET AS THOUGH IT WERE FALLING FROM A NOZZLE VIBRATING SIDEWAYS LIKE A PENDULUM. THE JET-WAVE PRINCIPLE IS USED IN ELECTRICAL APPARATUS FOR TRANSFORMING HIGH-POWER ALTERNATING CURRENT INTO DIRECT CURRENT.

(RIGHT). WHEN THE LIQUID FALLS FROM A NOZZLE WHICH VIBRATES UP AND DOWN (INSTEAD OF SIDEWAYS, AS IN THE LEFT-HAND ILLUSTRATION), DISH-SHAPED DEFORMATIONS, TERMED "PLATES," ARE DEVELOPED ON THE JET. THIS PHOTOGRAPH, LIKEWISE TAKEN IN ONE 100,000TH PART OF A SECOND, SHOWS THE DEVELOPMENT OF SUCH A "PLATE" FROM THE EARLY STAGE (ABOVE), THROUGH THE DISH-SHAPED PHASE (CENTRE), TO THE COMPLETE BREAK-UP (BELOW).



(LEFT). FURTHER EXAMPLES OF THE "PLATE" FORMATION DEVELOPED ON A "PLATE-JET" WHEN THE LIQUID FALLS FROM A NOZZLE THAT VIBRATES UP AND DOWN (AS SHOWN IN THE TOP RIGHT-HAND ILLUSTRATION).



(RIGHT). "CLOSE-UP" DETAILS OF THE "PLATE" FORMATION BREAKING UP, WHEN THE LIQUID JET FALLS FROM A NOZZLE VIBRATING UP AND DOWN.

The photographs above show results from two experiments with a liquid jet. The jet is discharged from a nozzle connected through a rubber tube to a reservoir. The liquid from the jet is returned to the reservoir by a pump so that the jet is maintained. In one of the experiments the nozzle is moved to and fro like a pendulum. In the other experiment the nozzle is vibrated up and down in the direction of the jet. The question is what will become of the jet in the two cases. When the nozzle is moved sideways, like a pendulum, the jet will assume the shape of a wave, the size of which increases steadily with the distance from the nozzle. The jet-wave is the main feature of the jet-wave rectifier, developed by Professor Hartmann of Copenhagen, and his collaborators, for the transformation of high-power alternating current into direct current. In the second experiment, the nozzle was vibrated upwards and downwards. The effect is that dish-shaped deformations are developed on the jet, increasing in size with the distance from the nozzle. Owing to the strange resemblance which the deformations may bear to a plate or dish, the deformed jet is called a plate-jet.

THE BI-CENTENARY OF JAMES WATT:

THE INVENTOR WHO TRANSFORMED THE STEAM ENGINE FROM A "WHIMSEY" INTO THE CHEAP AND POWERFUL MOTOR WHICH REVOLUTIONISED INDUSTRY.

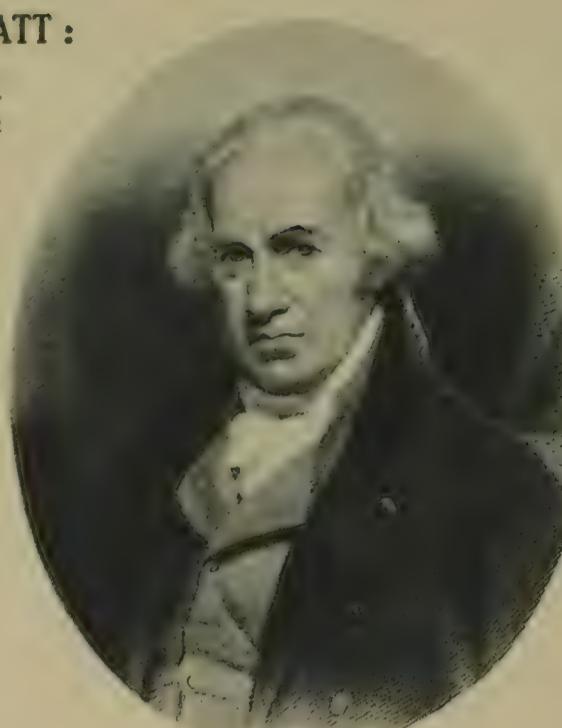
By DR. JOHN THOMAS.

(See also Illustrations on Opposite Page.)

The bi-centenary of the birth of James Watt, who, more than any other single figure, is popularly associated with the opening of the Industrial Revolution in these islands, fell on January 19. In the extremely interesting article which follows, the writer tells the story of Watt's struggles to perfect the steam engine, his evolution of plans to adapt it to driving machinery, and, in particular, of the part played by Josiah Wedgwood, "The Prince of Potters," in the harnessing of the new source of power to set the wheels of industry spinning faster and ever faster.

NO name that has graced the pages of the Dictionary of National Biography has deserved more richly a bi-centenary celebration than James Watt. Many volumes have been written about his experiments, inventions, patents, and his scientific researches after he retired from active business. But in the everyday vocabulary of present-day engineers and scientists there is one common noun, "watt," the practical unit of "electrical" power, which is an international and eternal tribute to the inventor. It is a most fitting tribute of the Electrical Age that has succeeded the Steam Age. James Watt will go down to history as the Parent of Artificial Power, which heralded the Industrial Revolution.

Up till the eighteenth century, man had relied on natural power from the horse and other domesticated animals, supplemented by the mechanical power of such

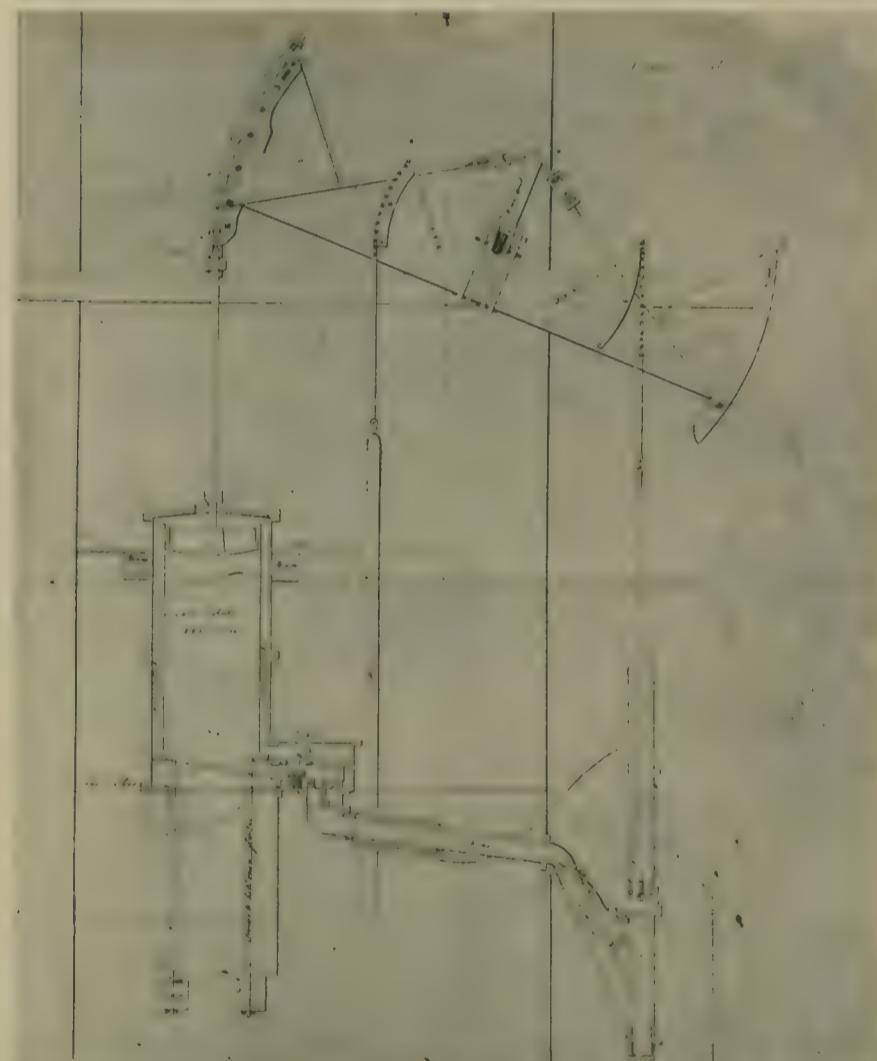


JAMES WATT, WHOSE BI-CENTENARY FELL LAST MONTH: THE SCOTTISH INVENTOR WHO TRANSFORMED THE STEAM ENGINE FROM THE UNSATISFACTORY NEWCOMEN "WHIMSEY" INTO A POWERFUL SERVANT OF INDUSTRY DESTINED TO REVOLUTIONISE OUR NATIONAL LIFE.

water-wheels, where there was only a limited supply of water available.

While repairing the model of a Newcomen engine in 1763, Watt, as a young mathematical instrument-maker, discovered the flaw in the structure. It needed a separate condenser and air pump to obviate the enormous waste of power, which made the "whimsey" so expensive and unsatisfactory in its performance. There followed the Watt patent of 1767 for his "steam" engine. Desperate attempts were made by Dr. Roebuck to produce a working steam engine, designed by Watt, but the technical and engineering skill at the Carron Works was not equal to the task. Thus, though Scotland gave birth to the genius James Watt, it was left to England to give birth to an actual Watt steam engine.

With the renewal of his patent in 1775, Watt entered into partnership with Matthew Boulton, of Soho, Birmingham, premier merchant capitalist and metal-manufacturer, whose business acumen and enterprise supplied what was wanting to bring Watt's invention to commercial success. Boulton parted with £2200 to free Watt from financial obligations to Roebuck, as a start. Then until the steam engine was a practical paying proposition at Soho, Boulton undertook to finance Watt in all his experiments



AN EXAMPLE OF WATT'S WORK AS A PRACTICAL ENGINEER: A DRAWING MADE BY THE INVENTOR IN 1776—THE EARLY BEAM ENGINE BUILT FOR MR. COLEVILLE, OF FIFESHIRE; SHOWING WATT'S FIRST FORM OF ENGINE, IN WHICH THE STEAM CASE IS IN DIRECT COMMUNICATION WITH THE BOILER, THERE BEING NO TOP VALVE.

The condenser is here a simple pipe, with a jet inside it, leading from the cylinder. Under the latter may be observed a small fireplace which was for re-evaporating the water condensed within the steam case. The valves are cylindrical disks working through similar openings. A full explanation in Watt's handwriting is on the drawing. The original is in the Boulton and Watt Collection, and has been lent to the Watt Centenary Exhibition at the Science Museum by the Birmingham Public Libraries Committee.

natural agencies as wind and water, for turning wheels. In the first decade of the eighteenth century, Newcomen produced his Atmospheric Pump Engine, popularly called a "Fire" Engine because it utilised an "element" other than "water" or "air," which provided motive power to the water-wheel and the wind-mill. But the performance of Newcomen's engine was so whimsical that it was soon referred to sarcastically as Newcomen's "whimsey." Its only practical use was to pump water from tin-mines in Cornwall, where its consumption of fuel was so terrific that out of 40 engines installed, only 18 were working in 1775, "on account of ye high price of coals." There were several "whimseys" here or there in coal-fields, where fuel costs did not matter so long as the water-level was kept down. In some instances the Newcomen fire engine was utilised to pump water over

and patents. What more could any inventor wish from a patron and business partner? If the steam engine had found its father in James Watt, then Watt had found his godfather in Matthew Boulton.

For the first five years the firm of Boulton and Watt, as purveyors of power, concentrated on supplying steam engine pumps to replace the obsolete and wasteful Newcomen fire engines in Cornwall. Payment for these early Watt steam engines was based on the fuel saved as compared with the previous consumption of the "whimsey."

As early as 1777, we find the first Watt steam engine installed in Bloomfield Colliery, near Dudley, in preference to a fire engine, because of the former's better performance, even in a coal mine, where fuel expense could be ignored. Watt engines were soon installed to pump

water into canals and reservoirs of Water Boards. Orders came from breweries, where quantities of water were used to brew ale. The ingenious John Wilkinson, the famous iron-founder of Shropshire, had installed a Watt steam engine as a blowing engine in his Broseley foundry in 1777. The success of this Watt engine whetted Wilkinson's appetite for more.

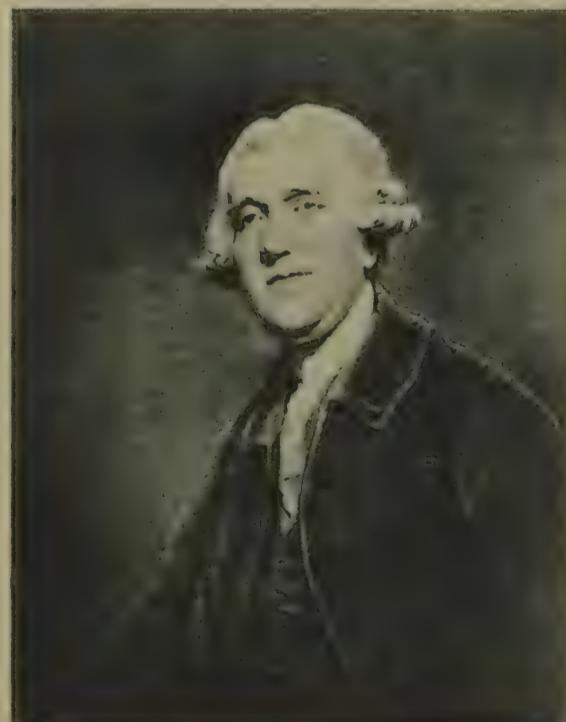
What the industrial world was waiting for in the second half of the eighteenth century was some source of power that would not merely supplement the natural power of wind and water, as Newcomen's fire engine had done very imperfectly, but actually to supplant them. This the "Sun-and-Planet" steam engine of Watt did. Proof of this is shown in the pageful of orders for "auto-motive" steam engines from two great industrialists of the Midlands, reproduced from Boulton and Watt's Engine Book at Soho factory. It was natural for Wilkinson to order Watt engines, for they were partly made or manufactured at his Bradley Foundry. But Josiah Wedgwood, the Master Potter of Etruria, was the British Industrialist who proved the auto-motive power of Watt's steam engine to the whole world.

There is extant an historic note written by Josiah Wedgwood to James Watt in 1782, inviting him to visit the Potteries so as to report on the performance of Josiah Spode's fire engine before Wedgwood ordered a "Sun-and-Planet" Watt steam engine. The Prince of Potters, as the Soho engine order book shows, was a firm believer in the Watt steam engine. He progressively went in for more horse power with each successive order, to perform work hitherto done by water-wheels or windmills.

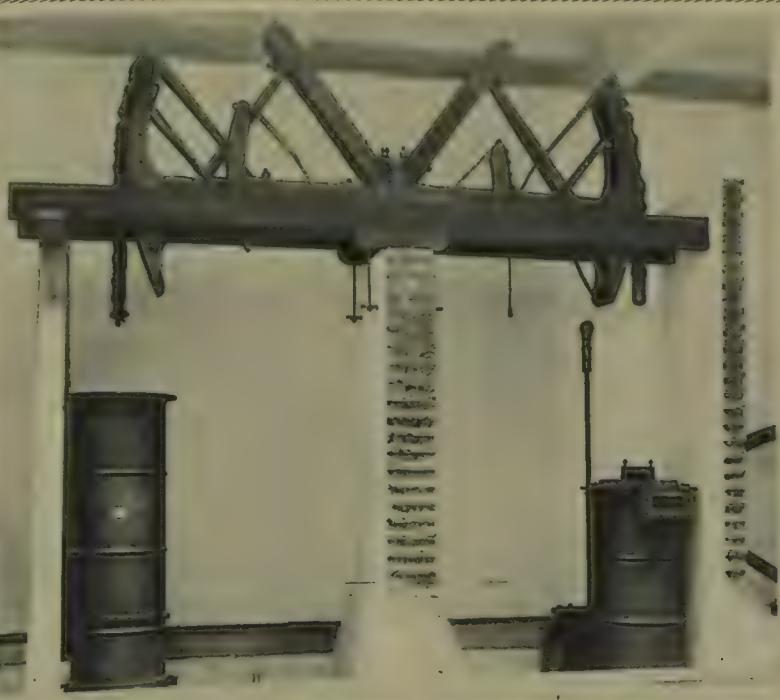
An interesting document, again in Josiah Wedgwood's own handwriting to James Watt, specified the tasks to be performed by the steam engine at Etruria. They were: (1) the grinding of flint; (2) the grinding of enamel colours; (3) the operating of a stamper for saggars; and (4) the tempering or milling of clays. Wedgwood had more than faith in Watt's steam engines, he proved them practical in his world-famous pottery at Etruria. He even financed Boulton to the tune of £5000, at a time when Boulton was harassed financially in the production of Watt's steam engines in Soho. Wedgwood's faith in the steam engine of Watt was passed on to his successors, who ordered a 30-h.p. steam engine in 1800. This particular engine was only scrapped in 1912, after more than a century of continuous and satisfactory performance. Even Wedgwood's rivals were convinced of the superiority of Watt's steam engines, and Josiah Spode II. scrapped his father's fire engine in 1810 and installed a 36-h.p. Watt steam engine. On Wedgwood's recommendation several coal-owners in the Potteries installed Watt steam winding engines. But imitation was the sincerest form of flattery, and Watt "pirate" steam engines were offered for sale. Wedgwood rendered signal service to Watt by reporting any "pirate" engines brought to his notice, so that Watt could sue for infringement premiums.

Other industrial counties of England followed the lead of Staffordshire, in adopting Watt's steam engines. Orders came from abroad, and Watt's steam engines were sold to France and America. Under the new régime at Soho, after the day of Watt and Boulton, seniors, their sons built steam-ship engines, which enabled Watt's steam-engine, improved and enlarged, to navigate itself throughout the globe. The success of the steam-ship engine heralded the next phase in the conquest of space and transport—the railway locomotive of Trevithick and Stephenson fame.

Watt richly deserved his honour in 1785, when the Royal Society made him an F.R.S.; two years after that honour had been conferred upon his personal friend and patron, Wedgwood. The University of Glasgow, where he was once a mere instrument-maker, in 1806 gave him the degree of LL.D. After his death in 1819, a national monument was accorded Watt in Westminster Abbey—the Valhalla of British Immortals. Without Watt it is difficult, if not impossible, to envisage the Industrial Revolution that made Britain the workshop of the world.



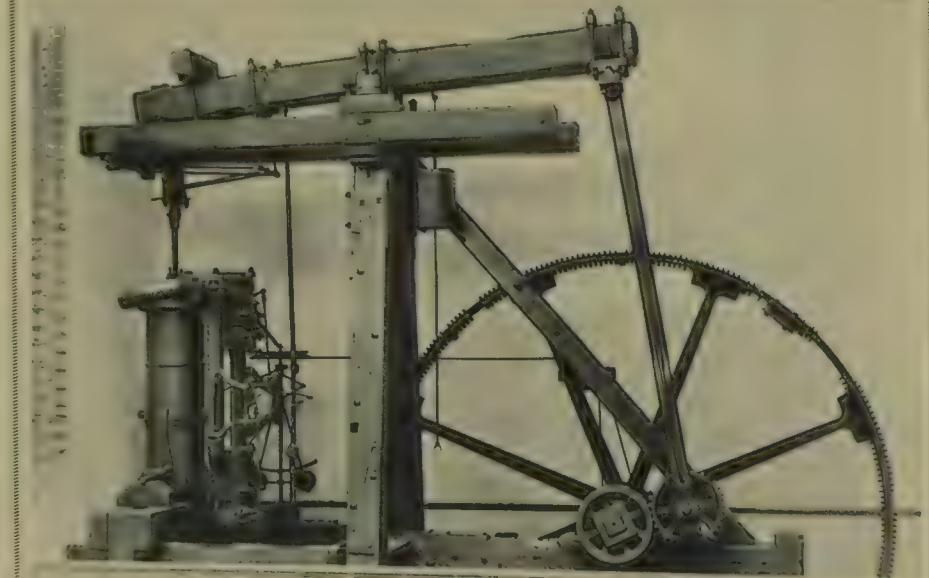
JOSIAH WEDGWOOD: THE ENTERPRISING MASTER POTTER WHO INTRODUCED A NUMBER OF STEAM ENGINES INTO HIS WORKS AND WAS ONE OF WATT'S FIRST AND MOST INFLUENTIAL PATRONS.



AN EARLY WATT PUMPING ENGINE: PORTIONS OF "OLD BESS" ERECTED AT HIS WORKS BY BOULTON, WATT'S PATRON, IN 1777; AND NOW TO BE SEEN IN THE SCIENCE MUSEUM'S WATT-BI-CENTENARY EXHIBITION.

THE JAMES WATT BI-CENTENARY:

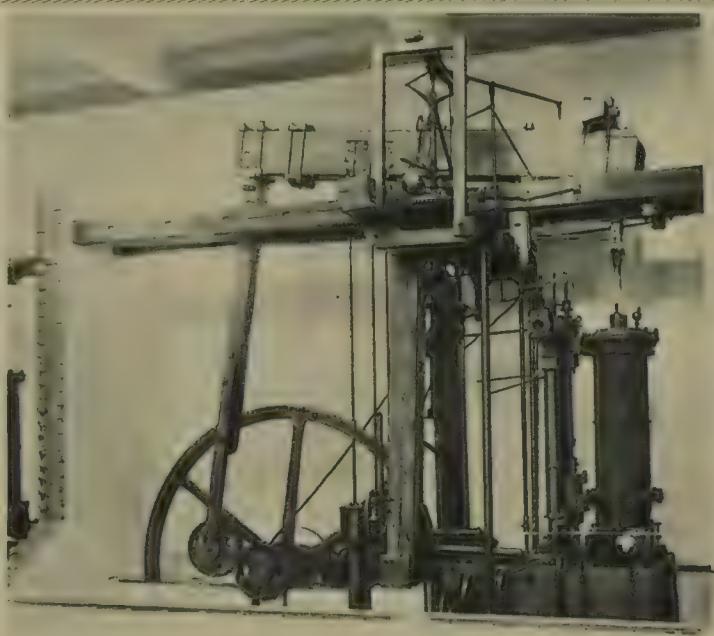
THE SCIENCE MUSEUM EXHIBITION: INCLUDING THE INVENTOR'S WORKSHOP.



AN EARLY ROTATIVE STEAM ENGINE BY WATT: THE DOUBLE-ACTING BEAM ENGINE ERECTED AT HIS SOHO FACTORY (BIRMINGHAM) BY BOULTON, TO DRIVE MACHINERY; WITH "SUN-AND-PLANET" MOTION.



THE APPARATUS WITH WHICH WATT DEMONSTRATED THE SOUNDNESS OF HIS FIRST AND MOST IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENT IN THE STEAM ENGINE: THE ORIGINAL EXPERIMENTAL MODEL OF A SEPARATE CONDENSER (LEFT, BELOW); AND AN ORIGINAL MODEL OF A TUBULAR SURFACE CONDENSER (ABOVE); BOTH DATING FROM 1765.

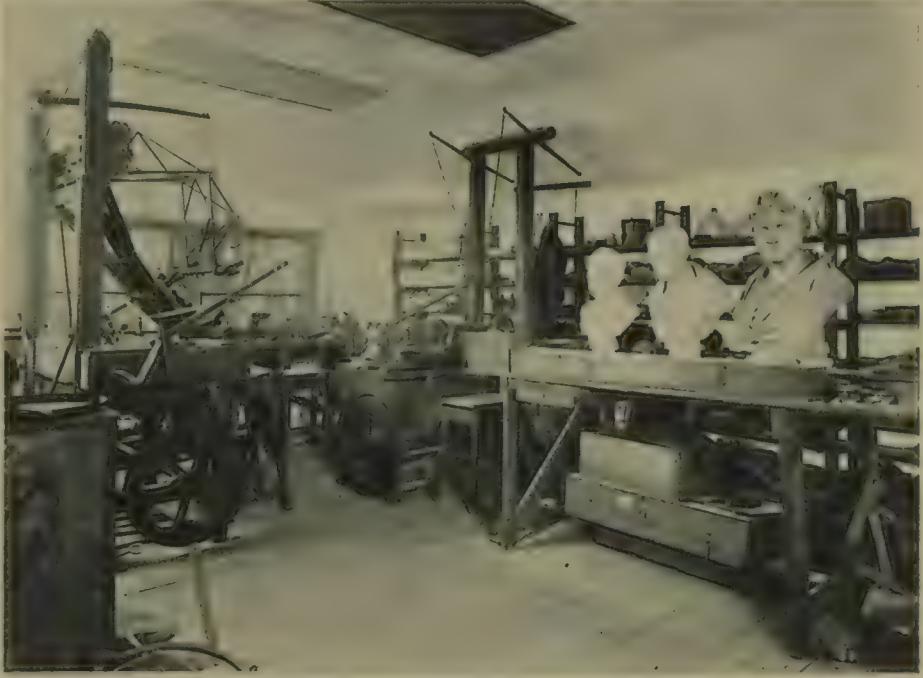


ANOTHER EARLY ROTATIVE BEAM ENGINE: AN EXAMPLE MADE BY BOULTON AND WATT IN 1797; EMBODYING A CENTRIFUGAL GOVERNOR (ABOVE), ONE OF WATT'S MANY IMPROVEMENTS.



IN 1763, James Watt, an instrument-maker of Glasgow, while engaged at the University in repairing a model of Newcomen's "fire" engine, was struck with the waste of steam it entailed. To remedy this, he added to the engine a new organ—namely, the "separate condenser"—an empty vessel, separate from the cylinder, into which the steam should be allowed to escape from the cylinder, to be condensed there. The condenser was generally worked by the injection of water, but Watt has left a model of a surface condenser made of small tubes, in every respect like the condenser now used. It could not be adopted then, being in

[Continued on left.]



JAMES WATT'S GARRET WORKSHOP: A REPRODUCTION AT THE SCIENCE MUSEUM, INCORPORATING SOME STRUCTURAL PARTS FROM HEATHFIELD, THE HOUSE NEAR BIRMINGHAM, WHERE WATT LIVED FROM 1790 TILL 1819; AND INCLUDING HIS FRYING-PAN! (LEFT)

Continued.]

advance of the mechanical arts of the time. In a second patent (1781) Watt describes the "sun-and-planet" wheels and other methods of making the engine give continuous revolving motion to a shaft connected with a fly-wheel. By this time the application of the crank and connecting-rod to the steam engine had been made the subject of a patent by James Pickard, and Watt, rather than come to terms with Pickard, made use of his "sun-and-planet" motion until the patent on the crank expired. In the sun-and-planet motion the extremity of the connecting-rod is tied

to the centre of the shaft by an arm; and at the extremity of the rod a spur-wheel is anchored rigidly (the "planet-gear"). This engages another spur-wheel on the shaft—the "sun-gear." Each revolution of the "planet-gear" on the end of the connecting-rod gives two to the "sun-gear" on the shaft. "Old Bess" is an early Watt pumping engine, with the first improvements made by Watt on Newcomen's engine. The other two engines illustrated here exemplify the development of the rotative steam engine using the "sun-and-planet" motion.

The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

A NATION'S HOMAGE.

THE British nation, united in its love of a great King, has been drawn still closer together by a great sorrow. Overwhelming as was the manifestation of affection and loyalty during the Jubilee celebrations, the last and solemn journey of one who was not only Monarch, but Friend and Father as well in the eyes of all his subjects, brought together a vast concourse of people such as has never been equalled in the annals of the Empire. They who have stood by his bier or have known the sudden hush that muted a million mourners as the slow-pacing procession wound its way through the close-packed crowds; they who in the privacy of their homes or on the highways and byways of the realm dwelt in thought upon the closing of a long and splendid reign—they have realised that here was a page of history turned, a chapter finished. Here were moments to be seized, to be held, to be treasured. They will be set down between the covers of many books, but meanwhile they live again, more vividly and poignantly than any written word could reconstruct them, upon the screen. The work done by the compilers of news-reels in tribute and commemoration are documents that should be safeguarded for the sake of future generations, for they perpetuate the memory of significant events with the simplicity that becomes them best.

We should be proud of, and grateful for, the quiet dignity with which these chronicles are imbued. "In Memoriam," edited by Sir Malcolm Campbell for Gaumont British Movietone, is an example of its kind. The commentary spoken by Mr. Eric Dunstan strikes the right note. It is sober, forthright, making no bid for emotional response, except in the sincerity of its feeling. Nor does it add unnecessary description to the cavalcade of memorable incidents of the late King's life that passes before our eyes.

Rather do the pictures come and go in illustration of the commentator's words, whilst an occasional purely pictorial fragment adds its *point d'orgue* to the unison of speech and film. A similar harmony is preserved throughout the pictorial record of the "Lying-in-State," and the passing of the funeral cortège through London and Windsor. An indelible impression must remain on the minds of all who are enabled to follow every stage of its progress by the power of the moving camera. The importance of the kinema is vindicated in this salute to the past and to the future, for after sombre ceremony comes the pageantry of Proclamation, finding an echo in every heart to its prayer: "Long live King Edward VIII.!"

RONALD COLMAN.

The path of the screen-star is beset with difficulties, as any one of the illustrious band will tell you. A poor story can do much harm, a poor part still more. Furthermore, there is a fashion in acting as in everything else, and a new vogue to which the masculine or feminine favourite is unable to adapt his or her method has before now been

known to overcome even so staunch an attribute as the loyalty of the public. Nor need the circumstances demanding readjustment be anything so drastic as the upheaval of sound, which swept many a star of the silent era into comparative or complete limbo. The finer nuances of

plumage of a decoy-duck with a dangerous dignity. He regards the world in general, and its ill-use of himself in particular, with a whimsical smile. The smile is a trifle wry; there is a hint of troubled depths about this breaker of banks and hearts; but the surface is smooth, debonair, and quite superbly assured.

"It happens," says Mr. Colman evenly and quietly, when a discomfited croupier congratulates him on a sensational *coup*. "It happens," he seems to be saying throughout the later vagaries of the heart and the cards. It is this easy acceptance of the fluctuating fortunes of life that brings romance into line with the spirit of the day, and invests this up-to-date hero with all the glamour he possessed in the perpetration of his more youthful exploits.

CICELY COURTNEIDGE'S AMERICAN FILM.

In her first American picture, "The Imperfect Lady" (now running at the Tivoli), Miss Cicely Courtneidge, queen of



"I DREAM TOO MUCH," AT THE CARLTON, HAYMARKET: LILY PONS, THE BRILLIANT FRENCH OPERATIC SOPRANO, AS THE SINGER WHO MAKES HER HUSBAND'S NAME BY TURNING HIS OPERA INTO A MUSICAL COMEDY—AND PLAYING THE LEAD HERSELF!

Annette (Lily Pons) is a girl, with a wonderful, but untrained, voice, who gets married to a struggling young composer (Henry Fonda) by mistake. However, they are very happy together, until Jonathan discovers that Annette is financing the production of his opera with her earnings as a singer. He cannot face the prospect of being merely the husband of a celebrity, and they part—only to find happiness together again when Annette's musical-comedy version of Jonathan's opera has made him a popular celebrity.

screen-acting, recognised, possibly, only by the more discriminating filmgoer at first, gradually work upon the mass-mind until it becomes aware that a hitherto all-conquering artist has fallen behind the times. It is not enough for a star to live up to an established reputation—and that, in itself, is a sufficiently troublesome task—not to persuade the public into acceptance of advancing years. The infinitely more subtle change of mentality in audiences is an immensely important factor that must be brought into harmony with certain qualities on which stellar fame has been founded.

Is there not always a measure of apprehension mingled with the eagerness that awaits the reappearance of a screen idol? Does not the question: "Will he—or she, as the case may be—come up to scratch?" hover in the background of anticipation? Undoubtedly it does, but the subsequent verdict is unlikely to take into consideration the multiple elements concerned in the constant repetition of success. When, then, an actor comes out of each new test, it behoves us to acclaim his triumph.

Mr. Ronald Colman's latest picture, "The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo," presented at the New Gallery, is not only an enjoyable entertainment, but a strong support of my argument. An exceedingly slight story has been fashioned out of the escapades of a penniless Russian Prince who abandons his humble job of driving a Paris taxi after a glorious scoop in the Monte Carlo Sporting Club, whither he is lured back by a lovely lady, with disastrous results—at any rate financially. Mr. Colman's portrait of the nonchalant Muscovite aristocrat makes no attempt whatsoever to suggest any recognisable Russian features. It is, on the other hand, etched in with admirable precision. This is an older, more hard-bitten Colman than we have ever known, but still a *charmeur*, still a master of swift humour, conveyed by a lift of an eyebrow, a twist of the lip. His interpretation of a gallant gentleman is couched in the dry terms that have come to be known as "under-statement." I do not like the description, and adopt it with reluctance, since nothing that is stated with the desired effect can be considered "under-stated." However, that is the current verbal coinage, and it conveys the use of a *voix blanche*, as the French aptly describe the method, which is far more telling to the modern mind than the over-emphasis of the past. Mr. Colman employs it brilliantly in the face of victory and defeat, and even in his siege of Miss Joan Bennett, who masks the



"THE MAN WHO BROKE THE BANK AT MONTE CARLO," AT THE NEW GALLERY: RONALD COLMAN AS THE DESTITUTE RUSSIAN PRINCE WHO MAKES A FORTUNE AT THE CASINO, BUT LOSES IT AGAIN IN PURSUIT OF THE GIRL HE LOVES.

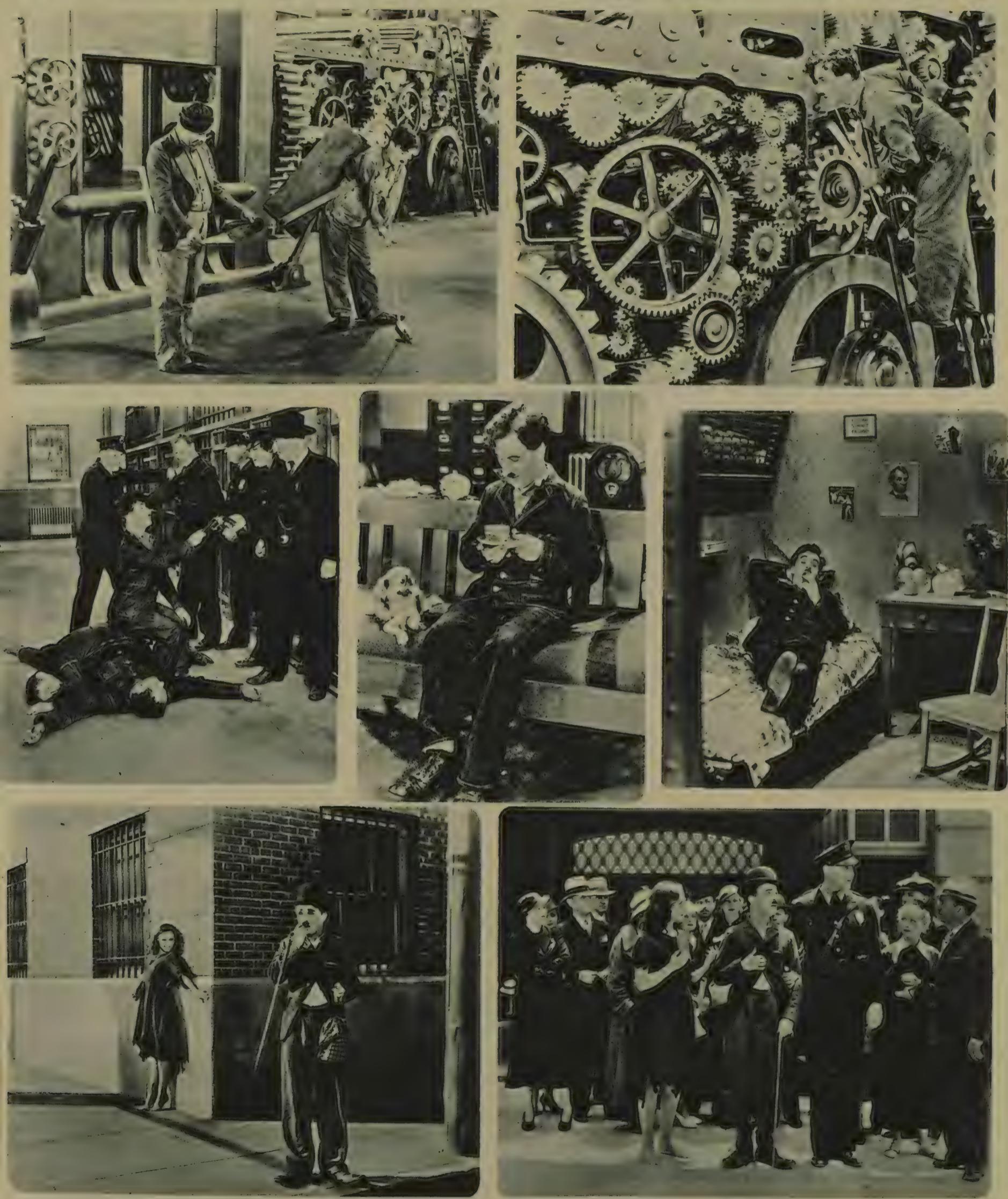
Paul Gallard (Ronald Colman) is a Russian Prince reduced to driving a French taxi. He takes his earnings to the roulette table—and wins a fortune. Pursuing the girl he loves (Joan Bennett)—who has been employed by the Casino to bring the lucky man back to the tables—he finds himself again at Monte Carlo, again stakes all—but loses. Needless to say, all ends happily.



ANNETTE, THE FAMOUS SINGER (LILY PONS), DISCOVERS HER MATE, JONATHAN, THE COMPOSER (HENRY FONDA), WORKING AS A TAXI-DRIVER: A CHARMING "STILL" FROM "I DREAM TOO MUCH."

English drolls, shows no falling off in those supremely comic individualities of intonation and gesture, the *finesse* in timing, and the infectious zest which are peculiarly her own. But there is, on the whole, too little of them and—of her. When she is allowed, by the exigencies of the plot and the manipulation of the director, to take the stage, we are immediately conscious of a cosy and inspiriting resourcefulness that, it must be admitted, is lacking in other, sometimes rather arid, stretches of the picture. Perhaps it is that the atmosphere has been so conscientiously Englished that its studio origin is a little too conspicuous. However that may be, the final effect is rather a self-conscious hilarity that depends more upon painstaking and determined intention than upon spontaneous inspiration. The story itself centres round the fecklessness and vagaries of Major Chatteris, father of an ambitious young country vicar. A sort of *enfant terrible*, he gravely upsets the social occasion upon which his son had hoped so to impress a tea-drinking Bishop as to secure preference and the financial means of matrimony. The Major's subsequent alliance with April Maye as her music-hall partner results in pecuniary affluence and social scandal. Mr. Frank Morgan plays the Major with vigorous humour; Miss Heather Angel and Mr. Richard Waring are an attractive pair of lovers; Miss Una O'Connor a typical, interfering spinster aunt; and Mr. Herbert Mundin contributes a characteristic study as a Cockney debt-collector. But it is Miss Cicely Courtneidge who makes the wheels go round.

THE RETURN OF THE GREATEST COMEDIAN OF THE SCREEN: "MODERN TIMES."



CHARLES CHAPLIN IN HIS NEW FILM, WHICH WILL BE SEEN IN LONDON NEXT WEEK: THE LITTLE MAN HAPPY IN GAOL AND CRAZED IN A DEPRESSING FACTORY WHICH IS A SYMBOL OF MECHANISED INDUSTRY.

The new Charles Chaplin picture, "Modern Times," which is due for presentation at the Tivoli on Tuesday next, February 11, deals with life in a modern industrial community. It begins with a little man working in a factory, tightening bolts on a conveyor belt. The monotony of the job drives him crazy, and, though he recovers, no sooner is he released from hospital than he is mixed up in a street riot and imprisoned. He prevents a "gaol-break," and has just been given a cell with "home comforts" as a reward when he is pardoned—a severe disappointment!

Finally, he and his fiancée (Paulette Goddard) find jobs in a cabaret—though their troubles do not end there. None of the characters are heard talking; sound being only used in the form of special effects accompanying the action and in the form of "vocal accompaniment." Paulette Goddard plays opposite Chaplin as the gamine heroine, and Chester Conklin, Hank Mann, and Henry Bergman have comedians' parts. Charlie Chaplin wrote, adapted, and produced "Modern Times" himself, and it has taken about two years to make—rather less than the average for a Chaplin film.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

AN EXHIBITION OF LATE CHINESE JADES.

By FRANK DAVIS.



IT is the fashion, in writing about Chinese jades, to point out the beauty of the very early pieces (and, of course, their religious significance), and then to proceed



1. AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY CHINESE JADE OF GREAT BEAUTY AND INTEREST: A WINE VESSEL WHOSE GOAT-SHAPED SPOUT WAS INSPIRED BY ARCHAIC ANIMALS' HEADS, WHOSE BODY WAS MODELLED FROM CERTAIN MING VESSELS, AND WHOSE HANDLE IS OF CHASED GILT BRONZE WITH CLOISONNÉ ADORNMENT. (HEIGHT OVER ALL, 7½ IN.)

Reproductions by Courtesy of Messrs. Blaett and Sons.

to describe all those carved later than about the year 1500 A.D. by a series of faint but eloquent condemnations. This seems to me an unintelligent and singularly obtuse attitude for anyone to adopt, because it ignores—or at least regrets—the fact that even the Chinese are subject to change.

The odd thing is that the critics do not, as far as I am aware, apply similar prejudices in their judgment of European art. I have yet to meet the man who, confronted with a magnificent Watteau, loudly laments that he wishes it were a Van Der Weyden—nor are we in the habit of grumbling because Houdon the sculptor never worked in the convention of the builders of Chartres Cathedral.

No, each period in which Art flourishes at all has its own idiom, and it is as absurd to expect the eighteenth-century Chinaman to interpret the visible world in the same way as his Han Dynasty ancestors as to ask the modern astronomer to base his arguments upon the ideas of the centuries before Galileo. This is not to suggest that any craftsman can escape from the past (and certainly not so backward-looking a people as the Chinese), but it does mean that the work of a particular period ought to be judged on its merits, and not merely by reference to what was done a thousand years or so earlier.

Quite recently, a friend of mine actually apologised for daring to prefer eighteenth-century jade carvings to their more austere predecessors, as if that was something to be rather ashamed of! But why shouldn't one prefer grace and a

pretty fantasy to dynamic force, however powerful, if one is made that way? I am fortunate enough to be able to derive equal pleasure from either type, but I don't see why everyone should think as I do, and I take this opportunity of registering a protest against the snobbery which seeks to impose upon the rest of the world its own narrow standard of values.

All this is apropos a mixed exhibition at Messrs. Blaett's, in which some superlatively good bronzes, pottery, and porcelain downstairs are nicely balanced by a series of eighteenth-century jade carvings on the entrance floor. It is these latter which form the subject of this article.

It is notorious that any first-class exhibition of Chinese art gives an immediate impression of serenity. There is a series of jades in this show which, grouped together as they are, goes beyond that and provides what I can only describe as an invitation to a chaste and virtuous life. Lest this should seem a pretentious remark, I venture to remind you that, to the thoughtful Chinaman, jade was held in great reverence as having in itself something of divinity. Add exquisite workmanship and the most delicate creamy whiteness to a substance already considered far more precious than any other, and I defy the most crabbed admirer of the very distant past to withhold his approval of these eighteenth-century pieces.

The trouble is, of course, that they defy the camera—you see their forms illustrated here, but colour in its infinite gradations, and the play of light upon the surface, have to be left to the imagination.

Fig. 1, I suggest, is really in itself an epitome of Chinese taste during this period. A little bit odd to English eyes, no doubt, with its handle of chased gilt bronze and cloisonné ornament and goat's-head spout, but of marvellous quality. The artisan has gone back about 1500 years for his inspiration as regards the animal's head, while the body of the pot, with its flutings, derives from a convention not earlier, I think, than the Ming period. But the importance of this piece, as I see it, is not that the carver inherited this or that tradition, but that he was able to blend them with such ingenuity into something which is wholly of his

own time and could have been produced in no other period and in no other country.



2. A BRUSH POT OF TRANSLUCENT WHITE JADE, CARVED WITH FIGURES IN A LANDSCAPE: A SCENE IN WHICH THE PERSPECTIVE HAS BEEN CLEVERLY SUGGESTED BY THE CRAFTSMAN. (HEIGHT, 5 IN.; DIAM., 5 IN.)

Not less typical of the best work of the century is the white jade brush pot of Fig. 2, with landscape and figures carved on the outside. The convention is familiar enough—so familiar, indeed, that in the many examples which exist, from the Ming Dynasty onwards, one is tempted to take for granted the skill with which almost infinite perspective is indicated in a depth of about one-eighth of an inch.

The more austere minded will be brought up short before a copy in jade of an ancient bronze. The particular example in question is of light-green jade burnt to a faintly reddish grey. The foot is practically untouched by the fire, and I have yet to find a satisfactory answer to the question—was this accidental or deliberate? If the Chinese at any period made a habit of exposing certain jades to great heat, one would expect to come across such pieces in considerable quantity. This is by no means the case. On the other hand, if collectors once began to



3. A VASE IN WHITE JADE WITH RUSSET MARKINGS: A DESIGN THAT EMBODIES ELEPHANT-HEAD HANDLES, A PRUNUS PATTERN IN LOW RELIEF ON THE SIDE, AND A CICADA PATTERN ON THE NECK AND BASE. (HEIGHT, 12 IN.)

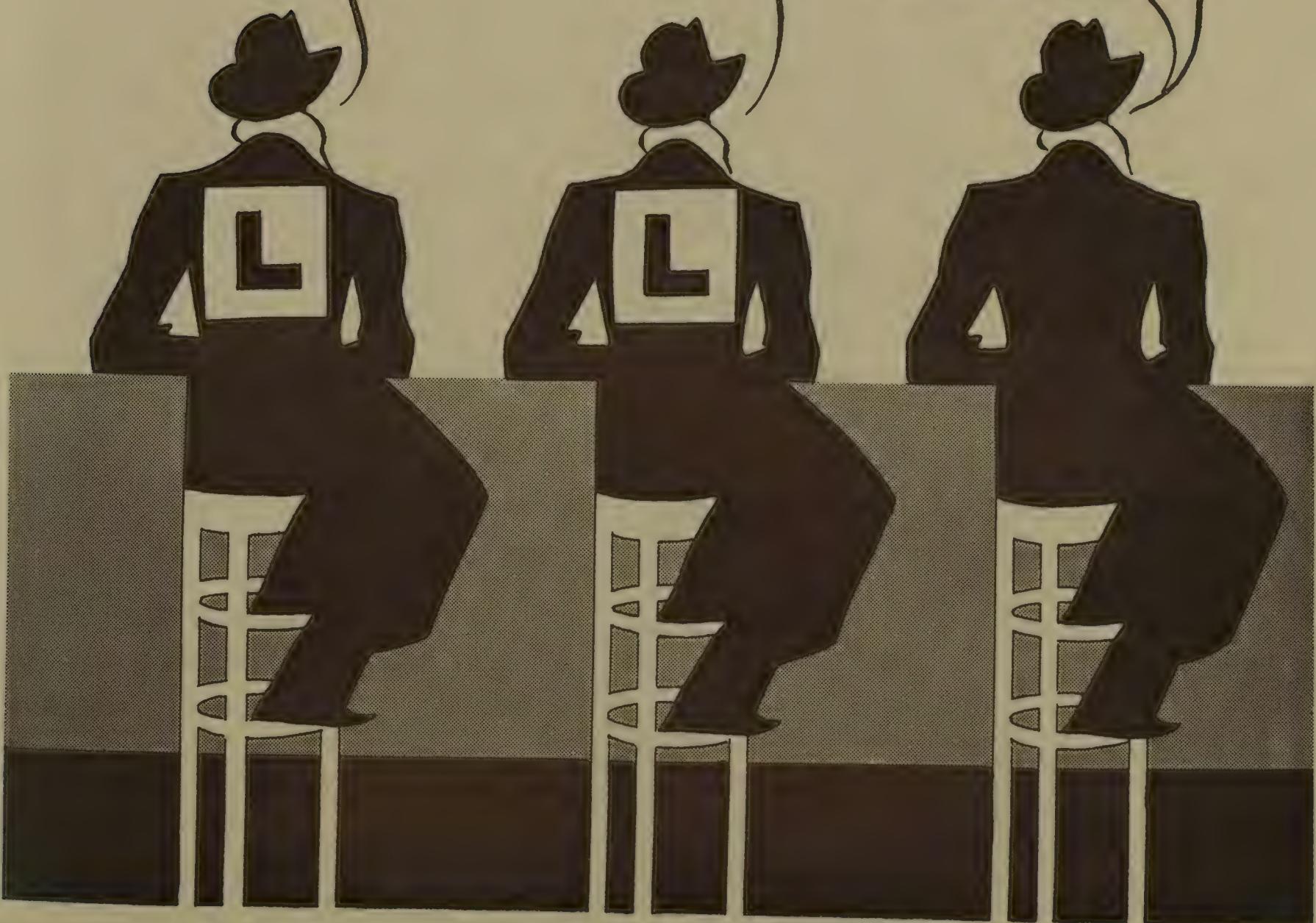
demand these pieces, there would soon be such a toasting and cooking of already perfect specimens that examples with their original surface qualities might be difficult to find after a few years. I have been told (but have not yet traced the reference) that at certain Imperial ceremonies as late as the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries jade animals were burnt on the altars instead of living creatures. If this was so, it is possible that a vessel such as this might have played its part in the ceremony. Whatever the explanation, burnt jade—of which this is so fine a specimen—is rare enough to be exceptionally intriguing.

The step from jade to glass is at first sight not too obvious, but I can hardly end this notice without a reference to a choice little collection downstairs, part of which consists of very ancient pieces (certainly Chou Dynasty). The point is that when a man found he could not afford the ritual jades which pious custom demanded he should place in the coffin, he bought cheap glass substitutes—in other words, when Bond Street prices were too much for him, he went round the corner to Woolworths. Here is the circular disc Pi exactly imitating green jade, three cicadas, an eye amulet, and a much corroded glass pig, also imitating jade—the pig which the men of Han times used to place in the hands of the dead.

"WHISKY
AND
SODA"

"SCOTCH
AND
SPLASH"

"JOHNNIE
WALKER
PLEASE"



Of Interest to Women.

As spring is rapidly approaching, flowers are coming into their own for decorative purposes in the domain of millinery. It is to Marshall and Snelgrove that the credit of the hat pictured on the right must be given. It is of black fancy straw, enriched with ciré flowers. Not only is it decidedly smart, but it is particularly comfortable. The model below is of black baku, its most important characteristic being that almost indefinable attribute, "line." By the way, it must be related that a feature is made of hats for 21s. 9d. They are carried out in straw and felt; there is something for every occasion and every type of face, both young and old.



The thoughts of women are focussed on equipping their wardrobes for the spring. They will therefore be well advised to visit the salons of Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, where they are making a feature of llamalaine tailored suits made to order for 8½ guineas. There are four designs, one of which finds pictorial expression above. The waistcoat effect is of a darker shade than the suit, while lacings to harmonise are cleverly introduced. This is a concit which is sure to meet with great success during the ensuing months. Furthermore, a fact that cannot be made too widely known is that in these salons the needs of women of dignified mien are very carefully considered.



There is always something particularly attractive about the Knitwear at Marshall and Snelgrove's. Many of the garments are created in Newquay, and there are others that hail from North of the Tweed. They are all so admirably knitted that they are endowed with an almost tailored aspect, and many of the weavings suggest tweed. A study in black and white is the pull-over on the left. There are suits with plain skirts and check coats, also dresses accompanied by cape-coats into which are introduced notes that have been inspired by the "swagger."



Very successful are Marshall and Snelgrove in the creation of brides' and bridesmaids' dresses. At the moment they are specialising in those expressed in white satin and chiffon, many of them relieved with silver. It is believed that for the bride that has passed the débutante stage there will be a decided vogue for those carried out in velvet that is just off white. Again, silver will have its rôle to play. Filmy lace yokes and sleeves will be regarded with favour. For the bridesmaids, picture hats will come into their own, also haloes and floral wreaths.



The finger-length coat pictured above is carried out in Cumberland diagonal tweed, and costs the modest sum of 6½ guineas. Surely there could be no more useful occupant of the wardrobe. Much to be desired are the Cumberland homespun coats for 8½ guineas, they are arranged with a shadow effect. For the Grand National and other spring race-meetings, there are Scotch tweed coats reinforced with capes for 7½ guineas, while it seems almost unnecessary to add that the very newest ideas in waistcoats and tailored jackets are here to be seen.

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FINANCE AND INVESTMENT.

By HARTLEY WITHERS.

BUTTER OR GUNS?

UNDER this heading, the *Economist* called attention recently to a speech in which Dr. Goebbels, the champion propagandist of the Nazis, was questioning the efficiency of the League of Nations, as representing the conscience of the world, and saying that he preferred to rely on guns. "We can," he said, "well do without butter, but not without guns, because butter would not help us if we were attacked some day." In some ways, we must all admit that this is a fine sentiment; and the spirit in which Germany is facing the need for privation, so that she may take again the place which she believes to be her right place among the nations, compels respectful admiration. But what a comment on the so-called civilisation of this twentieth century is this fact, that in order to be treated with the respect due to her by her neighbours, a numerous, industrious, and intelligent people should think it necessary, at a time

of having the choice between butter and guns forced upon us by the belligerent attitude of our neighbours. We may, indeed, hope that not many members of our population have to go short of butter, though figures given last autumn at the session of the British Association showed how much leeway we still have to make up before we can regard ourselves as really a well-fed nation. This existence of poverty in our midst cannot be ascribed to extravagant expenditure on armaments, for, as everyone knows, we have in recent years carried the process of disarmament to a dangerous point. And lately, when the Government announced, at the time of the General Election, that it was determined to reverse this policy, and see to it that we were well enough equipped by land and sea to speak in the interests of peace with a voice that would be respected, this decision was generally welcomed; not only on patriotic grounds, but because it was recognised that the expenditure involved by our re-armament programme would be good for many trades—and especially for shipbuilding—which have been most severely affected by the recent depression. With its abundant

in the latter has been relatively less though actually greater, amounting to £464 millions, or 38 per cent. The aggregate value of our oversea trade is still only about 60 per cent. of the 1929 figure.

In considering this disastrous decline, some allowance must be made for lower prices, which account for part of it. The volume of trade is more difficult to measure, but, according to League of Nations estimates, the reduction in it since 1929 is in the neighbourhood of 25 per cent.—a sufficiently appalling fall, in a world in which trade ought, if the politicians and warmongers would leave it alone, to expand steadily year by year as productive power grows and man's desire for good things grows with it, or goes ahead of it.

In spite of this big fall in the value of our export trade, the aggregate of our business activity, thanks to the revival of confidence under the National Government, is now slightly higher than in 1929, as measured



THE LATEST ADDITION TO THE UNION-CASTLE FLEET: THE HANDSOME MOTOR-VESSEL "STIRLING CASTLE," THE LARGEST SHIP SAILING REGULARLY TO THE SOUTH AFRICAN PORTS, WHICH WAS DUE TO LEAVE SOUTHAMPTON ON HER MAIDEN VOYAGE ON FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 7.

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when all commodities are, or might be, plentiful and cheap, to stint herself in the animal foods which are so helpful to human health!

And, as usually happens when nations impose artificial restraints on themselves, this self-denial is having curious and unexpected results. In consequence of the scarcity of butter in Germany, it appears that it has lately been imported in considerable quantities from Austria, partly by smuggling and partly in the form of presents from kindly Austrians to their butterless German relations. Austria, as need hardly be said, is a country which the Nazi Government particularly wishes to impress with a sense of the enviable position of Germany, so that the Austro-German union, or *Anschluss*, as the two peoples call it, may be demanded by the smaller country. According to the *Economist*, this outflow of butter from Austria into Germany has done more to kill the *Anschluss* in the hearts of the Austrian people than any political alarms: "So they tell us that the *Anschluss* is to be the cure for all our Austrian ills, and then they come begging us for butter!" Such is the Austrian reaction to Dr. Goebbels' eloquence.

THE PRACTICAL VALUE OF PEACE.

But these sufferings, imposed on Germany by her determination to be armed to the teeth, are only an extreme example of the privations that all the world is feeling, in varying degrees, owing to the prevalence of war-fever. We, in this relatively happy and prosperous country, have our own experiences of the effects

and growing revenue, our Government can well afford to rearm; and we are glad to see it doing so, though we thereby forego a reduction in taxation which might otherwise be possible; and this is our very mild equivalent for Germany's butter privation.

WAR-FEVER AND TRADE.

But there are many other ways, besides the necessity for re-armament, in which the prevalent war-fever makes us poorer. Owing to it, the disease called economic nationalism—which makes all countries desire to buy as little as they can from their neighbours—has been rampant ever since the Versailles Treaty ended one war in a manner which made many nations at once begin to make ready for the next. This fear of the next war has done more than any other influence to choke the channels of international trade. And the decline in world trade has affected us, as the great world-trader, more severely than any other country. We are, and with full justification, gratified by the successful efforts made by our exporting trades to fight against the difficulties and barriers put in their way by the countries that used to be their best customers; and these efforts resulted in an increase in our exports of £30 millions during 1935. But, as compared with 1929, the last year before economic nationalism began to show its full effect, last year's exports show the really appalling decline in value of more than £300 millions, or 41.3 per cent. Moreover, as was inevitable, imports and exports have declined together, though the reduction

by an Index composed by the *Economist*. This is, from one point of view, a fine achievement. But it only shows how much better off we all might be if the establishment of real peace and confidence abroad permitted the revival of that freer movement of goods across the frontiers which raised the general standard of life during the century before the war.

During that century, according to Sir Josiah Stamp's oft-quoted calculation, progress was such that at the end of it the ordinary person was four times as well off in real commodities as the person in the corresponding scale at the beginning of the nineteenth century; and statistical evidence showed that this increase had been evenly shared by all classes of the population. Such was the experience of this country, which was at the same time spreading prosperity all over the world, by its exports of capital and of equipment goods, and by the stream of hard-working emigrants that it was sending to our colonies and to America.

Science and invention played, of course, a great part in this forward movement; but even they could have done little if they had not been helped by the two chief features of the century between the Napoleonic War and the war of 1914, namely, comparative peace—the wars of that period were all short and local—and the reduction of trade barriers. Now we have a peace which is no peace, under which, for many nations, the choice is between guns and butter, and guns are preferred as being more useful in case of attack; and the bristling hedge of trade barriers set up since the war shows no sign of being broken.

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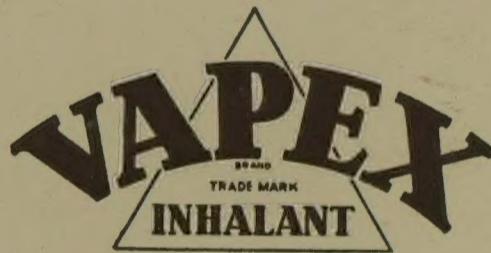
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NOTES FROM A TRAVELLER'S LOG-BOOK.

By EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E., F.R.G.S.

VIENNA—THE GAY AUSTRIAN CAPITAL.

NO city in Europe is more pleasant for a holiday at this season of the year than Vienna, one of the gayest capitals in Europe, which has the great advantage of a climate which, although cold, is so

skating is such a general pastime in Vienna that probably it has more skaters than any other city in the world. In the nearby Vienna Forest, which skirts the city from the north-west to the south-west, there are ample opportunities for both skiing and tobogganing, and within easy reach at Gutenstein there are attractive snow-fields for skiers at a height of from 3000 ft. to 4000 ft., whilst a comparatively short railway journey to Payerbach-Reichenau enables one to ascend from there by funicular to the Rax Plateau, where there are good skiing grounds. Close to the Rax is another winter-sports plateau—the Schneeberg; and Semmering, two hours by rail from Vienna, is

of the world is Vienna's Ringstrasse, which, with the Franz-Josephs-Quai, along by the Danube, encircles the old inner city. It is two miles in length and a hundred and fifty feet wide, and is planted with four rows of trees. It occupies the site of the old city walls, which the besieging armies of the Turks three times stormed in vain. Many of the finest Viennese buildings are to be found here, amongst them the Opera House, the Parliament Building, the Rathaus, the University, the Burg Theatre, and the big hotels de luxe, for which Vienna has a justly deserved fame. In this neighbourhood, too, are many of the cafés of Vienna, celebrated for their coffee and their pastries.

In the old city there is much to see connected with Vienna's glorious past—the Hofburg, a former

Imperial Palace, which now houses the National Library; St. Stephen's Cathedral, dating mainly from the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, with a fine tower, over four hundred feet in height, and a giant bell made from captured Turkish cannon, and having thirty-five marble altars and the sarcophagus of the Emperor Frederick III.; the fourteenth-century Gothic Augustine and Maria Steigen Churches; and the fourteenth-century Minorite Church, which has a remarkable mosaic of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," by Raffaeli; and the Môlkerbastei, the last remnant of the old fortifications, with Beethoven's house; and the old Rathaus.

Vienna is rich in picture galleries and museums. The National Museum of Fine Arts is one of the most important collections of treasures of art in the world, and it has splendid parks and public gardens. The Prater is a natural park 4500 acres in extent; the Stadtpark is adorned with many monuments of Austria's famous sons, amongst them one of Johann Strauss; and the Park of Schönbrunn, of 450 acres, is in the style of the Gardens of Versailles. Vienna has a fine winter programme of concerts, carnival balls, and sporting events. During the period March 8-14, when its world-famed International Fair is being held, it will certainly be one of the gayest and busiest spots in Europe.



VIENNA'S FAMOUS OPERA HOUSE, RENOWNED FOR ITS GREAT PERFORMANCES OVER MANY YEARS: A VIEW INCLUDING PART OF THE RINGSTRASSE, THE THOROUGHFARE ENCIRCLING THE OLD INNER CITY.

Photograph by Postkarten-Industrie A.G., Vienna.

very dry, sunny, and bracing that you do not feel the low temperature, and life in the open air is extremely agreeable. Vienna has a beautiful setting—amongst the woods and mountains and beside the Danube; and its romantic situation makes it ideal for those who wish to combine the pleasures of winter sport with the delights of a city which, for generations, has been famed for the excellence of its theatres and its concerts, its opera and dancing, and as one of the leading centres of the world in art and architecture.

Within the city there are many ice rinks, one of them the biggest artificial ice rink in Europe; and

a first-class winter-sports resort, with excellent skiing, ski-jöring, skating, and tobogganing.

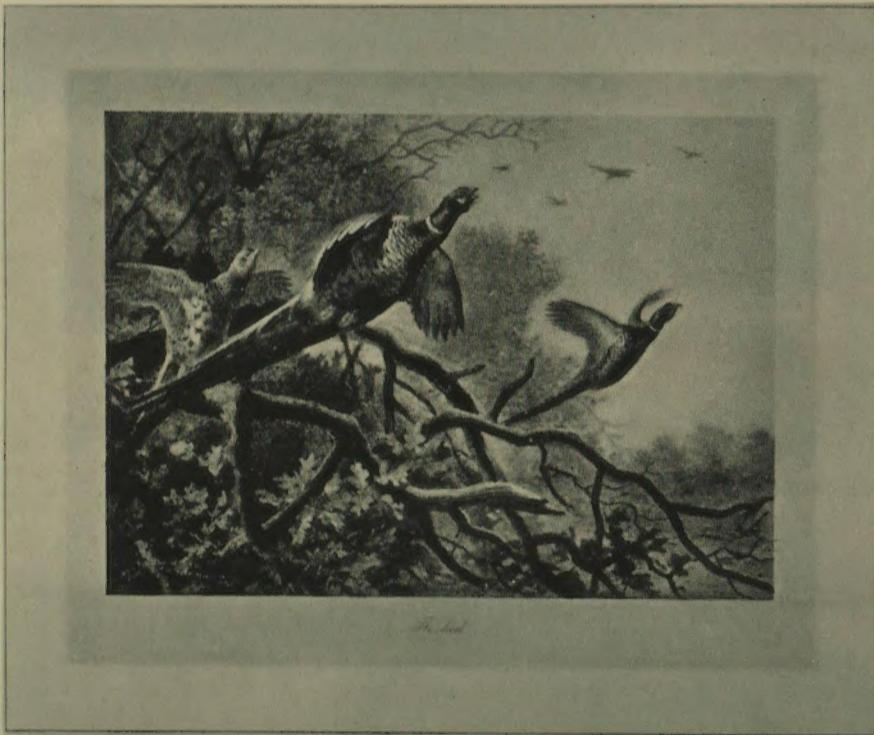
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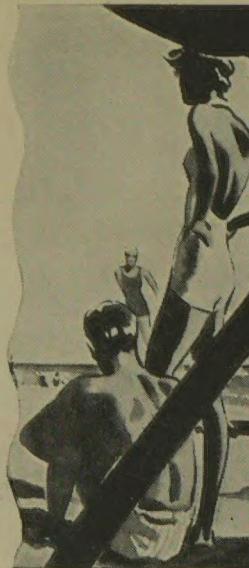
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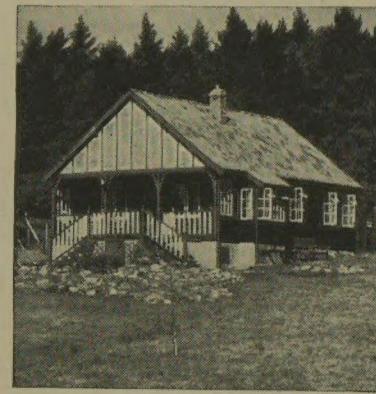
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